













Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



THE  
EXPEDITION  
OF  
GRADASSO;

A  
Metrical Romance.

SELECTED FROM THE  
ORLANDO INNAMORATO

OF  
*MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO,*  
COUNT OF SCANDIANO.

---

---

TRANSLATED  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES TOWNLEY."

---

---

Dublin:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL, 10, BACK LANE.

---

1812.





PQ  
4613  
E5  
1812

TO THE REVEREND

*THOMAS ELRINGTON, D. D.*

PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

Dublin,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

WITH THE UTMOST DEFERENCE,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF PROFOUND RESPECT,

FOR HIS

DISTINGUISHED WORTH,

AND

HIGH LITERARY ABILITIES,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## **PREFACE.**

---

---

**T**HE version of Poetry is one of the most difficult branches in the Translator's department. Many of the beauties of original versification escape, and many of its graces evaporate, in the attempt to transfuse them into another language, especially when they are to be conveyed in "rhyme enfetter'd verse." Besides, it seems necessary that some parity of genius, at least some similar degree of enthusiasm, should exist in the minds of the original writer and the translator, to enable the latter to do justice to the conceptions of the former; nor is it unreasonable to infer, that those who undertake to translate poetry, should not only be linguists, but poets also.—Disunite these qualifications, and what is the consequence?—You will have either an inert body, or an unsubstantial phantom of the work. It is worthy of remark, that the best English translations extant have been executed by persons who have demonstrated distin-

guished original talents for composition : it is sufficient to mention the translations of Pope, the *Æneid* of Dryden, and the *Pharsalia* of Rowe, in support of this opinion.

In founding an English poem upon the *Orlando Innamorato*, it has been my wish to adhere as closely both to the spirit and the letter of the original, as the nature of my plan would admit. The great merits of Bojardo are, his lively invention, and strength of fancy. His story is therefore retained perfect and unaltered ; and the few enlargements which were requisite, are carefully adapted to the turn of his ideas, and rendered consistent with the characters and the context of his work.—They merely consist of some sentimental and descriptive additions. It is the opinion of the best judges, that no literal translation can do justice to an original of merit ; but it is a mistaken opinion to suppose, that a too free version is not a fault as necessary to be guarded against, as a servile adherence to the diction and versification of the original. I have endeavoured to steer between those two extremes, and I now, with great deference, submit my essay to the reader.



Bojardo has delivered his tale in a plain, unvarnished manner, in the usual style of those productions which were suited to the taste of the age in which he wrote. At all periods, epic poetry labours under a disadvantage, from which didactic and lyrical compositions are exempt. The Ode, for instance, admits of a perpetual succession of elevated ideas and brilliant images; while, in several parts of an epic poem, elaborate ornament, or high-wrought delineation, would diverge into that species of bombast so admirably ridiculed by Pope in his *Treatise on the Bathos*. Appropriate language is necessary throughout; and if the subject be of the ordinary kind, it will not admit of sublime expression.—On the contrary, the use of laboured or figurative terms on such occasions, is a gross violation of the rules of good taste; and springing from an inflated or affected genius, reminds us of what Longinus quotes from Sophocles, of one who gaped enormously wide, to blow a little flagelet. Readers conversant with the great father of epic composition, Homer, will recollect that he sometimes seems to sink and languish; but they will also acknowledge, that those temporary inequalities are

overpaid by the vigour with which, when occasion calls, he resumes those powers that astonish judgment and delight taste.

The translations of the *Orlando Innamorato* are various. It was twice translated into the French language—first by the *Sieur Rosset*, and afterwards by *Mons. Le Sage*; nor was Spain ignorant of the work, as we learn from *Cervantes*, who mentions it as a performance of merit. It appears singular, that no modern translation of a work so universally noted, has been given in the English language. *Mr. Ritson*, in his *Biblog. Poetica*, printed in London, 1802, p. 362, mentions the very rare and obsolete version made in 1598 by *Robert Tofts*, who also translated two satires from *Ariosto*, and other Italian stanzas and proverbs; but these inadequate attempts having fallen into oblivion, is no proof of want of merit in the original writers.—The fame of *Ariosto's* work is well established by *Mr. Hoole's* translation, who, avoiding all the faults conspicuous in *Sir John Harrington's* version, has done ample justice to the author; and the various editions of the *Orlando Innamorato*, published at *Scandiano*, *Milan*, *Venice*, and else-

where, are a proof that, in his own country, where his merits or defects could best be appreciated, Bojardo was held in high estimation as an author; and there can be little doubt, had he had the good fortune of meeting a translator equal to his deserts, he would have obtained his share of applause and admiration here also.

The French translation, by the *Sieur Rosset*, has long since been consigned to obscurity; and that by *Mons. Le Sage*, being merely a prose transcript, was badly adapted to convey a true or favourable idea of the original. Yet some necessary and commendable omissions and variations have been made by him; and his arrangement of the story, as well as his corrections of the geographical errors in the poem, as delivered down through so many editors, do him much credit.

In introducing Bojardo to the English reader, the giving him a pleasing English dress, was, as I conceived, the most judicious plan to adopt; and I flatter myself, that the effort I have made to divest the poem of that disgusting species of mirth, which, when incongruously brought forward by false taste, verges upon buffoonery, and to restore it in some degree to

the pristine state designed by the author, will not meet disapprobation. This design was submitted to that able critic, and eminent judge of Italian literature, the late Joseph Cooper Walker, who was pleased to express his approbation of the translation laid before him: and besides the distinguished sanction of Mr. Walker's favorable opinion, this poem was fortunate enough to obtain the approbation and countenance of the great KIRWAN — a name that must ever stand conspicuous in the annals of science and literature, as having belonged to him whose exalted genius, and extensive erudition, at once conferred honor and benefit upon his country. Should the perusal of it excite some person of abilities, adequate to the task, to undertake a version of the entire work, it would, with the *Orlando Furioso*, versified by Mr. Hoole, form a complete series, and furnish the admirers of the Italian metrical Romance with an agreeable entertainment.



# SUBSCRIBERS.

---

---

## A

**T**HE most Noble the Marchioness of Abercorn.  
Right Hon. William H. Archer, Lord Mayor of Dublin.  
Joseph Atkinson, Esq. M. R. I. A.  
Rev. William Armstrong.  
John Anstey, Esq. London.  
Mrs. John Anstey.  
Mrs. Arthur Anstey.  
Gilbert Austen, Esq. Cork.  
Mrs. Bigoe Armstrong.  
John Adrien, Esq. Dawson street.  
——— Allen, Esq.  
N. A. Anderson, Esq.  
E. Andrews, Esq.  
Mrs. Andrews.  
James Atherton, Esq. Everton, Liverpool.

## B

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.  
Hon. Miss Butler.  
Hon. T. Barnwell.  
Lady Buller, Devon.  
Mrs. J. Buller, Portman-square, London.  
Mrs. Richard Brook.  
Rev. Thomas Brownrigg.  
Rev. R. Brooke, Ballyconnell.  
Rev. Robert Burrowes, D. D.  
Mrs. Burrowes.  
Miss Burrowes.

Mrs. S. Burrowes, York-street, 2 copies.  
 Doctor Brooke, M. R. I. A.  
 William Montgomery Boyton, M. D. Cork.  
 Huson Bigger, M. D. Cork.  
 Mrs. Bigger.  
 Doctor Black, Newry.  
 Miss Boyd, London.  
 Miss Budgens, Exeter.  
 Miss Blackwoods, Great Britain-street.  
 Miss Blackwood, Hardwicke-street.  
 James Blackwood, Esq.  
 H. Fitzwilliam Bernard, Esq. Devon.  
 Miss Breveter, Sackville-street.  
 Miss Rebecca Breveter.  
 Miss Bolton, Merville, co. Dublin.  
 James Barber, Esq. Moss Vale, co. Longford.  
 Mrs. Beamish, Beaumont, co. Cork.  
 Mrs. Barry, Sackville-street.  
 ——— Barry, Esq. Granby-row.  
 Miss Barry, ditto.  
 Mrs. Burton, North Frederick-street.  
 Miss Brittain, Gardiner's-place.  
 R. Benison, Esq. Ballyconnell.  
 ——— Burke, Esq. Baunboy, co. Cavan.  
 Mrs. Brady, Newry.  
 Richard Bryan, Esq. ditto.

## C

Right Hon. the Earl of Carlhampton.  
 Right Hon. Lady Carberry.  
 Right Hon. Lady Clarina, Elm Park.  
 Admiral Sir Robert Calder, Bart.  
 Sir William Chatterton.  
 Lady Chatterton.  
 Lady Clarke.  
 Rev. Zach. Cornock, Cromwell's Fort, Wexford.  
 Rev. William Cholwich, Devon.  
 J. Burrage Cholwich, Esq. Farringdon House, Devon.  
 Doctor Clarke, Rutland-square, 2 copies.  
 Major Croker.  
 Doctor Callanan, Cork.

Doctor Cleghorn, Rutland-square.  
 Doctor Connor, Cope-street.  
 Mrs. Croker, Mountjoy-square.  
 Mrs. Crofton, Merrion-square.  
 John Clarke, Esq. Cork.  
 Miss Cole.  
 Mrs. Cooley, Gloucester-street.  
 Mrs. Coates.  
 Anthony Connell, Esq. Cork.  
 Miss Campbell.  
 Dawson Church, Esq.  
 Mrs. Connor, Summer-hill.  
 Mrs. King Conyngham.  
 Mrs. Anne Carroll.  
 Alexander Cleminger, Esq.  
 Mrs. D. Caulfield, Newry.  
 Mrs. Carleton, Mountjoy-square.  
 Francis Cruise, Esq. Lissard.

## D

Sir John Duntze, Bart. Devon.  
 Lady Denny.  
 Rev. Doctor Downing.  
 Rev. Doctor Dowdall.  
 Rev. Dr. Davenport, F. T. C. D.  
 Mrs. Davenport.  
 Major Henry Downing.  
 Mrs. Dobbs, Summer-hill.  
 Capt. Dobbs, Armagh regiment.  
 Mrs. Charles Doyne.  
 Mrs. Dawson, Summer-hill.  
 Miss Dawson.  
 Miss Charlotte Dawson.  
 James Dawson, Esq. Fork-hill.  
 Mrs. James Dawson.  
 Mrs. D'Arcey, Hardwicke-place.  
 Miss Dillon, Black-rock, Cork.  
 Mrs. Dyas.  
 Mrs. De Lacy.  
 ——— Dennistoun, Esq. Liverpool, 2 copies

Mrs. Dyson, Liverpool.  
 Arthur Dickson, Esq.  
 J. E. Davis, Esq.  
 William Dickson, Esq. Liverpool.

## E

Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen.  
 Right Hon. the Countess of Enniskillen.  
 Sir William Elford, Bart. Devon.  
 The Rev. Thomas Elrington, D. D. Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.  
 Mrs. T. Elrington.  
 Lieut. Col. Ensor, Armagh regiment.  
 Major Evans, 41st regiment.  
 Captain Elliot, Tipperary militia.  
 Colonel Elrington.  
 Mrs. Col. Elrington.  
 Mrs. Elrington, sen.  
 Miss Elrington.  
 Miss C. Elrington.  
 Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown.  
 Mrs. General England, Plymouth.  
 Mrs. Evans.  
 Miss Evans.  
 Mrs. Francis Evans, sen.  
 Isaac Ambrose Eccles, Esq. Cronroe.  
 William Eccles, Esq. Wicklow.  
 Charles Eastwood, Esq. Castletown, Louth.  
 Mrs. Edwards, Wicklow.

## F

Lieut. General Right Hon. Lord Forbes.  
 Right Hon. Lady Forbes.  
 Lieut. General Floyd.  
 Major Frend, 41st regiment.  
 Miss Fuller, Devon.  
 Mrs. Col. Fitzgerald, Carigoran, Clare.



Mrs. Fletcher, Merrion-square.  
 Mrs. Fortescue, jun. Glyde Farm, Louth, 2 copies.  
 Mrs. G. Fitzgerald, North Cumberland-street.  
 Mrs. Fox, Summer-hill.  
 Miss Faulkner, Mountjoy-square.  
 Mrs. Charles Fitzgerald, Limerick.  
 Mrs. Fleming, Merrion-row.  
 John Ferguson, Esq. Gloucester-street.  
 John Foster, Esq. Gardiner-street.  
 John Smith Fleming, Esq.  
 Meredith Foxall, Esq. Newry.  
 Mrs. Ferguson, Lissard.

## G

Mrs. General Graham.  
 Mrs. Godley.  
 Mrs. Glenny, North Cumberland-street.  
 Miss Gillespie.  
 Miss Garnett.  
 Mrs. Gibbons, Cabra.  
 Mrs. Gouthwaite, Liverpool.  
 ——— Gurney, Esq. Devon.  
 Mrs. Gregg, Cork.  
 Richard Guinness, Esq.  
 Joseph Gordon, Esq.  
 T. Gunning, Esq. Inspector General of Hospitals.  
 Matthew Gibbon, Esq. Newry.

## H

Right Hon. Lady Katherine Howard.  
 Right Hon. Lady Stuarda Howard.  
 Lady Hamilton.  
 Rev. Stewart Hamilton, Strabane.  
 Rev. Dr. Hickey, Murra, Bandon.  
 Col. Hill, Battle-axe Guards, 4 copies.  
 Lieut. Col. Houlton, R. Somerset reg.  
 Mrs. Hill, Richmond Place.  
 Miss Hill, Cavendish-row.

Miss Anne Hill.  
 Capt. Huson, 18th reg. Royal Irish.  
 Miss Frances Maria Hamill, Ballyatwood.  
 Miss Harrison.  
 Mrs. Hore, Wicklow, 2 copies.  
 Edward Heagerty, Esq. Cork.  
 James Hunt, Esq. Sackville-street.  
 Mrs. Hunt.  
 Fitzmaurice Hunt, Esq. Cappagh, Tipperary.  
 Mrs. Hall, North Great George's-street.  
 Miss Houston, Gloucester-street.  
 Robert Hare, Esq. Summer-hill.  
 William Hannagan, Esq. Cork.  
 Mrs. Hill, Cork.  
 Mrs. Hudson, Summer-hill.  
 James Harris, Esq. Cork.  
 Mrs. Hamilton, Devon.  
 Miss Hamilton, Devon.  
 Joseph Halloran, Esq. Cork.  
 Mrs. Horner, Dorset street.  
 Mrs. Hewson.  
 ——— Hunter, Esq. Liverpool.  
 John Howley, Esq. Limerick.  
 Quintin Hamilton, Esq. Liverpool.  
 Edward Hardman, Esq. jun.

## J

Rev. Thomas Johnston, Emiskillen.  
 Doctor Jackson, Gardiner's-place.  
 Major Jolliffe, R. Somerset regiment.  
 P. Irving, Esq. Liverpool.  
 Mrs. Johnson, Upper Dominick-street.  
 James Johnston, Esq. Great Charles-street.

## K

Sir Richard King  
 Lady King.

Richard Kirwan, Esq. P. R. I. A. F. R. S.  
 Mrs. Kearney, the Palace, Kilkenny.  
 Rev. Arthur Knox, Woodlawn.  
 Charles Kearney, Esq. Mountjoy-square.  
 Mrs. E. Keough.  
 George Knipe, Esq. Belturbet.

## L

Captain Leslie, R. Lancashire regiment.  
 Thomas Lafroy, Esq. Leeson-street.  
 Mrs. Colonel Lucas, Cork.  
 Mrs. Col. Lucas, co. Monaghan.  
 George Leach, Esq. Devon.  
 James Leech, Esq. Gardiner-street.  
 Mrs. Lane, Cork.  
 Mrs. L'Estrange, William-street.  
 Miss Loughlan, Hermitage.  
 Miss E. Loughlan, Limerick.  
 James Little, Esq. co. Longford.  
 J. M. Labat, Esq. Stephen's-green.  
 ——— Lile, Esq.  
 John Lloyd Lugger, Esq. Plymouth Dock.

## M

Right Hon. the Earl of Moira.  
 Right Hon. Lady Massy.  
 Hon. Mrs. Maunsell.  
 Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart.  
 Lady Morgan.  
 Br. General Thomas M'Mahon, 17th regiment, Aid-de-  
 camp to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.  
 Mrs. Maunsell, Plassey, Limerick.  
 Mrs. Myers, 2 copies.  
 Mrs. Maxwell, Stonehouse, Devon.  
 Doctor Maxwell, Granville-street, Mountjoy-square.

Doctor Mills.  
 Robert Martin, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Alexander M'Donald, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Doctor M'Donnell, Belfast.  
 Doctor M'Sweeny, Cork.  
 Mrs. Mercer, Gloucester-street.  
 Mrs. Minchin, Exeter.  
 Thomas Mulock, Esq.  
 Captain Mortimer, R. Somerset regiment.  
 Richard Maybury, Esq. Surgeon Kerry militia.  
 Robert Maxwell, Esq.  
 Mrs. R. Maxwell.  
 Arthur Maxwell, Esq.  
 Mrs. A. Maxwell.  
 William Maxwell, Esq. Newry.  
 Francis M'Cartney, Esq. Buckingham-street.  
 Mrs. Macmahon, Harcourt-street.  
 Edward Maher, Esq. Cork.  
 P. Majoribanks, Esq. Wicklow militia.  
 Arthur Murphy, Esq. South Devon reg.  
 Luke Magrath, Esq.  
 John Molloy, Esq. Clonbela, King's county.  
 T. May, Esq. Devon.  
 J. May, Esq. ditto.  
 P. M'Camley, Esq. Liverpool.  
 ——— M'Gregor, Esq. ditto.  
 Mrs. M'Gregor, Everton, Liverpool.  
 Richard Maguire, Esq. Cork.  
 Miss R. M'Morrison, Ballyconnell.  
 William Anthony M'Donough, Esq. Cork.  
 Mrs. Macleod, Liverpool.  
 ——— M'Adam, Esq. ditto.  
 Mrs. M'Call, ditto.  
 Thomas Monsell, Esq.  
 Mrs. Moutray.  
 Francis Macfarlane, jun. Esq. Longford.

## N

Lady Neal.  
 John Downing Nesbit, Esq.

John A. North, Esq. Upper Rutland-street.  
 Capt. A. Nixon, Fermanagh regiment.  
 Joshua Nun, Esq.  
 Mrs. Jane Nun.

## O

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Ossory.  
 Captain Ogle, Armagh regiment.  
 Edward O'Brien, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Mrs. Ogle, Fork-hill, 2 copies.  
 Miss Ogle, Gardiner-street.  
 Miss Lucinda Ogle.  
 Miss Harriet Ogle.  
 John Ogle, Esq. Newry.  
 Samuel Ogle, Esq. ditto.  
 Miss Ogle, Ashton, 2 copies.  
 John Ogle, Esq. Fathom Park.  
 John Orr, Esq. Liverpool.  
 John O'Donnell, Esq. Cork.  
 Mrs. O'Farrell, Merville, co. Dublin.  
 Edward O'Farrell, Esq. Lissard, co. Longford.  
 Mrs. O'Farrell, ditto.

## P

Right Hon. Earl Paulet.  
 Doctor Perceval, 3 copies.  
 Mrs. Parsons, Temple Gowran.  
 S. Perring, Esq. Devon.  
 Robert Pooler, Esq. Newry.  
 Mrs. Perry, Cork.  
 Robert Moore Peile, Esq. York-street, Dep. Inspect. Gen.  
 of the Forces.  
 Thomas Peale, Esq. Veterinary Professor, Dublin Society.  
 Hugh Power, Esq. Cork.  
 Lieut. Thomas Somerset Price, Carnarvon rifle regiment,

## R

Lady Ribton.  
 William Roscoe, Esq. Allerton Hall, Liverpool.

Rev. Hugh Robinson.  
 John G. Ronan, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Richard Ryan, Esq. M. D.  
 George Ryan, Esq. Harcourt-street.  
 Ewers Ryan, Esq.  
 Mrs. Reeves, Merrion-street.  
 Miss Reeves, Summer-hill.  
 Mrs. Rutherford, Rutland-square.  
 G. D. Ronan, Esq. Wicklow.  
 Miss Reid, Newry.  
 Mrs. Rogers.  
 Mrs. S. Richards.  
 James Rodgers, Esq. Staff Surgeon.  
 Samuel Reed, Esq. Newry.  
 ——— Reed, Esq. jun. ditto.  
 Charles Reed, Esq. Liverpool.  
 Tarleton Russel, Esq. ditto.  
 John Cooke Rogers, Esq. Henrietta-street, 2 copies.  
 Samuel George Rogers, Esq. Henrietta-street.

## S

Major General Stephenson.  
 Captain Sweeny, 62d reg. A. Q. M. General.  
 Rev. Moore Smith, Killencoole, Louth.  
 Rev. James Slator, Naas.  
 Mrs. Slator.  
 J. H. Singer, A. M. F. T. C. D.  
 Lieut. Col. Sotheby.  
 ——— Sotheby, Esq.  
 Mrs. Sotheby.  
 Capt. Seaver, Armagh regiment.  
 Mrs. Shaw, Monkstown, Cork.  
 Mrs. Span.  
 Miss Stewart.  
 Miss Swinny, Kildare-street.  
 Thomas Smith, Esq. M. D. Wicklow.  
 Mrs. Smith.  
 Ambrose Smith, Esq.  
 Miss Smith.

Mrs. Smith, Summer-hill.  
 Mrs. Smith, Larkfield, Westmeath.  
 Miss Maria Smith, Larkfield.  
 John Schoales, Esq. Leeson-street.  
 John Whitley Stokes, Esq. Leeson-street.  
 Mrs. Short, Summer-hill.  
 Mrs. Scott, Gardiner-street.  
 Luke Stritch, Esq.  
 Mrs. Steele.  
 Miss Sweetman, Fare, co. Wexford.  
 William Stewart, Esq.  
 Mrs. Shaunassy, Limerick.  
 Austin Shenquin, Esq. Cork.  
 Miss Seaton.  
 Mrs. Michael Swiny.  
 Mrs. Semple, Eunniskillen.  
 Edward Strangeways, Esq. Liverpool.  
 Thomas Sharp, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Mrs. Spence, Newry.

## T

Hon. Miss Letitia Toler.  
 Major General Thomas.  
 Mrs. General Thomas.  
 Rev. Doctor Thomas, Everton, co. Carlow.  
 Jocelyn Thomas, Esq. Farnly, Queen's co.  
 B. Boyle Thomas, Esq. Devon.  
 Francis Thomas, Esq. Nelson-street.  
 L. H. Thomas, Esq.  
 Mrs. Charles Tottenham, Ballycurry, Wicklow.  
 Miss Thompson, Gardiner-street.  
 William Thompson, Esq. Charlemont-street.  
 Thomas Taylor, Esq. Dublin Castle.  
 Mrs. Talbot, Foxborough House, King's county.  
 ——— Thompson, Esq. Clonfin, co. Longford.  
 ——— Tucker, Esq. R. Somerset regiment.

## U

Rev. Hamsworth Usher, Westmeath.  
 Mrs. Usher.  
 Miss Usher.

## V

Major General Vigors, London.  
 ——— Vigors, Esq.  
 Mrs. Colonel Vereker.  
 ——— Verschoyle, Esq. Merrion-square.

## W

Rev. C. W. Wall, F. T. C. D.  
 Francis Walsh, Esq. M. D. Cork.  
 Colonel Montague Wynyard.  
 Mrs. Montague Wynyard.  
 Edward Woods, Esq. Dominick-street.  
 Samuel Walker, Esq.  
 Mrs. Jane Walker, St. Valeri, Bray.  
 Edward Westby, Esq.  
 Richard Waller, Esq. sen. Dawson-street.  
 Mrs. Waller.  
 Miss Mary Waller  
 Miss Letitia Waller.  
 Richard Waller, Esq. jun.  
 Edward Augustus Waller, Esq.  
 Mrs. Anne Waller.  
 Major Wray, Royal Meath regiment.  
 Mrs. Worthington, North Cumberland-street.  
 John Woodroffe, Esq. M. D. Cork,  
 ——— Welsh, Esq. Liverpool.  
 Miss Jane Wilson, Dominick-street.  
 Miss Mary Wilson, ditto.  
 Thomas White, Esq. Custom House.  
 Thomas White, Esq. Gloucester-street.  
 Edward A. White, Esq. Grafton-street.  
 Andrew Watson, Esq. Corbally, Limerick.  
 John Watson, Esq.



Miss Eliza Wallace, Newry.  
Mrs. H. Wallace, Downpatrick.  
William Bailey Wallace, Esq. jun.  
Captain Wagget, Black Rock, Cork.  
Percival Banks Wallace, Esq.  
James L. Wallace, Esq. Liverpool.  
Miss Whiteway.  
Mrs. R. B. West.  
Michael Roberts Westropp, Esq. Cork.  
Miss Whitely, Ballyconnell.  
Matthias Woodmason, Esq.  
Alfred Woodmason, Esq.  
William Wilkiuson, Esq.  
Captain Walsh, Royal Artillery, Longford.

## Y

Hon. Mrs. Yorke, Bath.  
Mrs. Yorke, Upper Dominick-street.



## ERRATA.

- Page 60, line 7, for *vidid*, read *virid*, or *verdant*.  
— 64, — 2, for *falls*, read *fells*.  
Ibid, — 13, for *Furhon*, read *Turlon*.  
Page 112, — 1, for *inspire*, read *aspire*.  
— 180, — 7, for *Syvius*, read *Sirius*.  
— 241, — 1, for *sped*, read *speed*.  
— 282, — 10, for *Mourire*, read *Mourir*.  
— 297, — 10, for *Willian*, read *William*.  
— 308, — 12, at the end of the parenthesis, read “*devoid*  
of which.”

---

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

GRADASSO, King of Sericane, being desirous of gaining the famous sword of Orlando, and the horse of Rinaldo, embarks a puissant force to make war on Charlemagne, in whose service those Paladins are engaged.—Lands on the Spanish coast.—Attacks the Saracens of Spain, in order to facilitate his conquest of France.—At the time of this descent, a great number of Knights are assembled at the court of Charlemagne to hold a tournament.—The Emperor gives a grand festival, at which two strangers, a warrior and a damsel, attended by giants, unexpectedly appear, and communicate a challenge to the knights, upon certain conditions, which are accepted.—Malagigi, a knight skilled in magic, investigates the motives of this challenge, and resolves to defeat the design of the strangers.

## CANTO I.

---

**T**O paint what ills from dire ambition flow,  
The hero's ardour, and the lover's woe ;  
The wondrous deeds of magic to relate,  
And sketch the turns of fortune, and of fate ;—  
These be my themes.—Ænian nymphs prolong 5  
Your sacred impulse, and assist my song.

Gradasso, monarch of that wide domain  
(In ancient annals noted) Sericane,  
Whose knightly feats have swell'd th' historic page ;  
A hero deem'd in an heroic age — 10  
He, when his hardy prowess had subdued  
His neighbour kings, and awed the nations rude,

To further conquests bent his daring aim ;  
For what can slake the ardent thirst of fame,  
Or curb that courage which impels the mind 15  
To deeds that raise the wonder of mankind ?

A wond'rous coat of mail Gradasso's arms  
Had erst obtain'd—so wrought by magic charms,  
That on its temper no assay could gain,  
And strongest lances oft had fall'n in vain : 20  
Yet, not with this content, the warrior still  
On distant prizes bent his stubborn will.  
Orlando's sword, fam'd Durindana, known  
As Hector's once :—from Agolante's son  
Wrested in Aspramont by Brava's knight.— 25  
Rinaldo's courser, swift Bayardo hight,  
Well train'd in battle—These he burn'd to own,  
And scorn'd for these the pleasures of a throne.

The sword—the steed—alternate, ceaseless fire  
Gradasso's soul, and fill his whole desire : 30  
Those thoughts revolving in his anxious breast,  
Disturb his days, and rob his nights of rest.  
Long to the Christian pow'rs deep hate he bore,  
And these his new designs inflam'd it more.  
At length determined, he resolves to bear 35  
To Europe's realms the wasting rage of war,  
On their own grounds defiance fierce to wage,  
And crush the Christian heroes of the age.—  
Full well he knows the hazards he must run,  
Nor deems the purpos'd conquest easy won.— 40  
The Paladins, whose spoils he sought to gain,  
The world extoll'd.—Myriads o'erthrown or slain  
Had mark'd their progress in the deathful field,  
Where oft they taught the hardest foes to yield,  
Yet unappal'd, the monarch boldly dares 45  
The dang'rous strife, and for the war prepares.

From ev'ry source he draws forth large supplies,  
And bids a formidable army rise ;  
From ev'ry land that own'd his regal sway  
The legions issue, ready to obey : 50  
Princes, and giants, to his standard haste,  
Puissant warriors in bright steel encas'd ;  
Each more redoubtable as busy fame  
Had wide proclaim'd the terrors of his name.—  
Thick as the leaves by wan'ing autumn shed 55  
The warlike levies o'er the champaign spread ;  
Thrice fifty thousand in array appears,  
And each a martial air intrepid wears  
Well pleas'd Gradasso views, and Gaul, and Rome,  
Elate in thought, he fancies overcome. 60  
A foe less potent—a less num'rous host,  
In vain had menaced Europe's fertile coast,  
Where full assembled at the splendid court  
Of Charlemagne (the valiants' known resort)



A train of gallant knights, in war well tried, 65  
The boast of chivalry did then reside.—  
Chief of the band, Orlando there was seen,  
And brave Rinaldo, of distinguish'd mein,  
Dear to the monarch—of one lineage known,  
Flow'r of the knights, and bulwarks of the throne. 70

And now Gradasso, Sericana leaves,  
A num'rous fleet the armament receives ;  
Launch'd on th' expansive bosom of the deep,  
With ceaseless heed their way the pilots keep ;  
Each sail they spread, and urge their tedious course,  
Tost by th' impetuous storm's terrific force, 76  
Or bound in ling'ring calms, th' unwilling prey  
Of pining discontent, and long delay.  
Till to their straining eyes the land appears,  
Where sultry Spain her num'rous turrets rears ; 80

With joyful shouts they hail the destin'd shore,  
And deem their toils o'erpaid, their perils o'er.

As when in torrid climes th' infectious breath  
Of pestilential blasts, enkindles death,  
Destruction mark'd the progress of the band, 85  
And deepfelt terrors shook th' astonish'd land.  
Sack'd towns in flames enwrapp'd, with dreadful light,  
Glar'd on the trembling gazer's aching sight,  
Whilst tow'ring cities seized the foe retains,  
And loads the natives with unthought-of chains. 90

Aghast the provinces the torrent view'd,  
Too rapid in its rage to be withstood.  
Their sev'ral kings unite to stem its force,  
But vain their league—no dam can stop its course ;  
The states o'erwhelm'd beneath the Pagans' might, 95  
Lament the issue of th' unequal fight.

Triumphant thus, the proud Gradasso deems  
 He now shall realize his fav'rite schemes.—  
 Large stores he gather'd to subsist his band,  
 And fill'd with plenteous magazines the land, 100  
 That more securely he his arms might bear  
 To Gaul, prime object of this daring war.  
 Great was the power 'gainst which he must contend,  
 And forceful might alone could gain his end ;  
 This oft he balanced with a serious mind, 105  
 And thence with courage, caution's dictates join'd.

While thus the Pagan plann'd his enterprize,  
 A wayward fate, which oft obscures the eyes  
 Of mortals, while impending danger spreads  
 Its baleful influence o'er their careless heads, 110  
 In unsuspecting ease and festive sport  
 Deep plung'd the Gallic monarch and his court.

'Twas now the eve of Pentecost, a time  
 For gallant feats and tournaments sublime,  
 And Paris echoed with the lofty strain 115  
 Of martial music—but the knightly train  
 Not for the palms of battle now contend,  
 The prize of chivalry their only end.

This solemn pomp a num'rous meeting grac'd.  
 From various climes the arduous warriors haste: 120  
 To each brave Charlemagne a welcome gives,  
 And ev'ry rank, reception meet receives;  
 Princes and pow'rful lords, and simple knights,  
 All whom the lofty wish of fame incites;  
 Natives or strangers, none the lists were barr'd, 125  
 Who candidates for glory were declar'd,  
 Save those whose deeds were dim'd by trait'rous stain,  
 Or renegadoes—a dishonor'd train.

First of the splendid throng, to brave the chance  
Of arms, the Saracens of Spain advance,— 130  
Ferrau, and Serpentino, far renown'd,  
Grandonio, Balugante's monarch's crown'd,  
And Isolero, left their regal seats,  
To signalize their might in warlike feats :  
With these a number of inferior name,  
By hope of conquest led, ambitious came  
From their parental home, ere yet the host  
Of fierce Gradasso landed on their coast.

Now to the view the errant troops display  
A radiance emulating that of day.— 140  
Gay glitt'ring bands, in splendid guise array'd,  
And neighing steeds, who scarcely deign to tread  
The prostrate earth.—Superb devices vie  
To please the judgment, and attract the eye.

The snow plum'd helmets lavish wave in air,      145  
 The high wrought cuirass, and the polish'd spear,  
 Effulgent beam.—Along the banks where Seine  
 Meandering rolls its limpid tide serene,  
 The vast assembly emulous appear,  
 To shew the utmost pomp of knightly war.      150

Ere yet the lists were open'd for the fight,  
 Or the proud banners were unfurl'd to sight,  
 A sumptuous festival th' Emp'ror held  
 For all the knights enrol'd to take the field.  
 Near to himself the foreign kings were plac'd,      155  
 'Mongst those, the Emp'ror's fiefs conspicuous grac'd,  
 Were seated.—British Otho—fam'd Didier,  
 Of Lombardy, and Salamon were there,  
 Lord of fair Brittany, whose kindly soil  
 Profuse rewards the cultivator's toil.      160

The other knights take rank, as valiant deeds  
Or high descent prescribes, or fancy leads.

Amid the knightly band, of boastful vein,  
Ganes of Poitiers and all his household train  
Appear'd distinguish'd—clad in liv'ries gay,      165  
The lavish pride of riches they display.  
Near these the Paladin Rinaldo sate,  
Whose plain appearance suited his estate:  
Small was the warrior's wealth, though great his  
    birth,  
Which mov'd their bosoms to illib'ral mirth:      170  
Long had they deem'd him foe of all their race,  
Envy'd his glory, sicken'd at the grace  
His high achievements gain'd—and now they prest  
The taunt disguis'd, the sly envenom'd jest,  
That covert insult, which a noble mind,      175  
More hard to bear than outrage still must find.

The gen'rous son of Amon heard with ire,  
And struggled to restrain th' impetuous fire  
Of just resentment—in his lab'ring mind,  
Disdain with hate—contempt with anger join'd : 180  
High swelling passions, far too great to speak,  
Flash'd in his eye, and dyed his burning cheek :  
Yet to his monarch meet respect he paid,  
And curb'd his temper rather than invade  
The gen'ral harmony—but, ill supprest, 185  
His looks betray'd the feelings of his breast,  
Denouncing plain, that on a future day  
The insults basely giv'n he would repay.

And now—the splendid banquet amply laid,  
An emblem of the giver's soul display'd ; 190  
Soft pleasure shed her choicest influence round ;  
Rich sparkling wines the golden goblets crown'd.



Thro' balmy air ambrosial odours float ;  
 And bards, spontaneous pour the raptur'd note ;  
 The sprightly trumpets catch th' alternate strain, 195  
 And mimic echo gives it back again.

Convivial thus the chearful hours were pass'd,  
 When (near the close of the superb repast)  
 Unlike the trumpet's clangor, or the sound  
 Of lute or timbrel—sudden wak'd around, 200  
 Now distant warbling, now advancing near,  
 Melodious strains unknown to ev'ry ear.—  
 Soothing and soft as new-born zephyr's sighs,  
 When genial spring first bids her flow'rets rise,  
 They steal on sense.—The knights amaz'd suspend  
 Their converse, and with mute attention bend 206  
 Their eyes to where the sculptur'd gates unfold  
 A spacious entrance, bright with fretted gold :

Thence, mid the columns that support the dome,  
Four giants, richly clad, advancing come. 210  
Fierce their demeanor, monstrous was their size,  
And latent fury fill'd their baleful eyes.—  
Great Charles' seat they sought, there lowly paid  
Meet rev'rence: op'ning then their file they spread,  
And gave to each beholder's wond'ring sight 215  
A gentle damsel and a gallant knight,  
Whom erst they circled, and from view conceal'd—  
And sure to mortal eyes was ne'er reveal'd  
Two forms so perfect, such a finish'd pair,  
He first of men—she fairest of the fair. 220  
Not raptur'd fancy, when she fondly dreams,  
In verdant meads, or by translucent streams,  
Can sketch such beauties, such alluring grace,  
Such matchless charms as deck'd her lovely face.—  
Youth's vivid tints her visage fair o'erspread, 225  
Like roses scatter'd on a lily bed,

While soften'd lustre sparkled in her eyes,  
 Bright as the star that waits Aurora's rise.  
 Not Arneline, nor Claricé the fair,  
 Nor far-fam'd Aldea might with her compare. 230  
 Though beauty's palm they long unrival'd held,  
 And Europe's boasted daughters all excell'd.

When sudden thus the wondrous maid appear'd,  
 Applausive sounds throughout the hall were heard,  
 Subsiding slow, as when the storm is o'er, 235  
 The mecken'd surges murm'ring lave the shore,  
 On her th' admiring gazers turn'd their sight,  
 And view'd her charms with ever new delight ;  
 Increasing still, as with enchanting mein,  
 The nymph advanc'd before th' attendant train 240  
 To where th' Emperor sate, and bending there  
 With graceful action did her suit prefer.

Sweet from her coral lips the accents broke  
In silver sounds, and ravish'd while she spoke. 244

Thus she—" Oh! thou, magnanimous and great,  
Whose virtuous deeds are nois'd thro' ev'ry state,  
Thy praise, and that of thy courageous train,  
Have reach'd the farthest bound of Earth's domain ;  
Attracted thence—lo! from our native home,  
My brother, and myself, are hither come. 250

The homage deign, great monarch, to receive,  
Which freely from admiring hearts we give.  
But not a sterile glory we require,  
Nor ask permission merely to admire.  
Far be such thoughts from those who nobly claim  
The lofty meed of valour—well-earn'd fame.  
Admit this youthful knight, by deeds to prove  
A merit, not unworthy of thy love—

Consent that to the listed field he dare  
 Thy Paladins, to try the fate of war:  
 The terms he asks are, that the lance alone  
 Decide the strife—no knight by that o'erthrown  
 Shall with the falchion further urge the fight,  
 But, yielding up to a superior might,  
 Our pris'ner be—but if the wayward chance 265  
 Of war, uncertain still, shall foil the lance  
 My brother wields—his liberty and mine  
 We to the destin'd victor will resign."

She ceas'd—The ample colonnades around,  
 And vaulted roofs renew'd, applause resound; 270  
 Not Charlemagne himself beheld unmov'd  
 Attractions form'd by all to be belov'd:  
 But chief Orlando—he who till that hour  
 Alone for glory sigh'd, nor own'd the pow'r

Of beauty's charms—by one enchanting smile 275

One radiant glance is caught in love's strong toil.—

He feels his boasted firmness quick recede,

And thus in secret to himself he said :—

“ Resistless power !—Oh, whatsoe'er thou art,

That forceful thus enchains my vanquish'd heart, 280

Say why this change—no arms the virgin bears,

Her tender hand no missive weapon rears,

Yet, wont whole hostile legions to despise,

I yield, a victim to her conq'ring eyes.”

Perplex'd, distress'd, o'ercome, to earth he cast 225

His looks—but soon again, with eager haste,

He rais'd them, to behold the fair one's face,

And felt new flames, as he re-traced each grace.

'Thus the poor bird, as ancient tales relate,

Caught in th' envenom'd basilisk's retreat, 290

By fate constrain'd, turns its unwilling eyes

On its fell foe, and gazes till it dies.

The gen'ral murmur hush'd, the Emp'ror rose,  
And all the beauteous pleader asks, bestows.—  
“ Whate'er thy utmost wish demands, receive, 295  
Transcendant fair, (he cries) but deign to give,  
In kind return, some happy art, to steel  
My bosom from the torments all must feel,  
Whom love compels to wear thy glorious chain,  
And sue for pity, but to meet disdain.” 300

Fain would the King the interview prolong,  
Fain stay the nymph that fascinates the throng,  
Still covetous such beauty to behold,  
As misers are to view their hoards of gold :  
Such was the gen'ral wish, but fierce Ferrau 305  
And brave Rinaldo most impatient saw  
The dame intent with utmost speed to part :  
Love reign'd a tyrant in each warrior's heart,

And rais'd a thousand idle vain alarms,  
 But chief in stern Ferrau's.—Enur'd to arms,  
 The Saracen resolves, with lawless force,  
 To stop his fair enslaver's purpos'd course,  
 And, 'spight of ev'ry obstacle that barr'd,  
 Snatch from her brother, and gigantic guard,  
 This second Helen—(as the wayward boy,           315  
 Whose ill-starr'd passion raz'd the tow'rs of Troy,  
 Bore off the first)—but better thought succeeds,  
 And from the rash design the knight dissuades.  
 The hospitable rights, the rev'rence due  
 To royal dignity, full well he knew,           320  
 Nor deem'd it just to violate—constrain'd  
 To curb his will, inactive he remain'd.

Meanwhile the damsel, and the youthful knight,  
 The monarch's kind reception to requite,



Before the throne low bending, took their leave, 325

And paid such thanks as noble natures gave.

The knights addressing then, they signified

That they at Merlin's fountain would abide

The issue of the battle, pleas'd to meet

(As fates decree) or conquest, or defeat. 330

This notice giv'n, the giant train precede,

With solemn pace, the warrior and the maid,

Whose graceful steps a thousand eyes pursue,

Till distance veils her from the eager view,

So in that clime where reigns eternal frost, 335

The parting glories of the sun are lost,

So the fond eye pursues the fading ray,

To catch a gleam of long withdrawing day,

Till night's dark shades the sadden'd skies assume,

And shroud the prospect in impervious gloom. 340

But now internal jealousy and hate  
Broke out in tauntings rude, and fierce debate,  
And ev'ry warrior urg'd a prior right  
To meet the challenge, and sustain the fight.  
Each heart with rancorous impatience swell'd 345  
Each with disdain competitors beheld ;  
Fir'd with the hope of glory, none would yield  
To cede to rival claims the arduous field.  
Orlando far above the rest aspir'd,  
And loftily the preference requir'd : 350  
He fear'd the first assailant might succeed,  
And the defenceless maid in fetters lead ;  
Hence would he fain have flown to wage the war,  
But his proud rivals those pretensions bar.  
High ran the contest, threat'ning fatal harms, 355  
And fill'd the peaceful court with loud alarms.

To end this strife, and all their claims decide,  
The Emperor ordain'd that lots be tried :  
None could this fair, impartial mode reject,  
Propos'd by him whose fiat all respect. 360

Now all the throng that fill'd the spacious hall,  
Christians, and Saracens, attend the call.  
Each with his name subscrib'd a billet gives,  
A golden vase the various lots receives :  
A beauteous child then drew them singly forth, 365  
And prov'd that fortune's oft' averse to worth.  
Astolpho gain'd the first, the envied lot—  
Ferrau, Marsilius' son, the second got :  
Rinaldo's third—next Dudon's, great in fame—  
And then the Saracen Grandonio's came. 370  
Knight, after knight, the warlike group were nam'd ;  
And brave Orlando was the last proclaim'd.

Capricious chance ! thy malice, too severe,  
 Decrees a trial patience scarce can bear ;  
 The heart most anxious 'mid the num'rous train 375  
 Thou doom'st to disappointment's keenest pain.

Among the number of the hardy knights,  
 Whom valour to advent'rous deeds incites,  
 Was Malagigi—Agrismont's co-heir ;  
 Whose forceful pow'rs could from the nether sphere  
 Bring the fell demons to perform his will : 380  
 Nor yet renown'd alone for magic skill,  
 In warlike feats, and daring deeds of arms,  
 The Paladin excell'd.—Struck with the charms  
 That in the fair unknown the knights admir'd,  
 He left the crowd, and sought a scene retir'd : 385  
 But his firm heart her graces fail'd to move,  
 And fatal bodings barr'd th' access of love.—

In lone reflection wrapt, his busy thought  
The clue of wise suspicion quickly caught.—  
“ These doubtful strangers’ fair pretext (he cries) 390  
Some deep, important, dang’rous schemes disguise ;  
Some other purpose than the one avow’d,  
To catch vain credence, and deceive the crowd,  
Through toil, and various dangers, here could lead  
The warrior brother, and the lovely maid : 395  
’Tis mine to trace the hidden cause, and find  
Their true condition, and their secret mind.  
To clear his doubts, he turn’d the volume o’er,  
Inscrib’d with characters of magic lore,  
Whence oft the dreadful words he daring read, 400  
Which reach the dreary mansions of the dead,  
And that dark depth profound, where strife and pain,  
And agitation, never ceasing, reign.—  
He call’d the sprites from stench, and dunnest night,  
To taste pure air, and view the solar light.— 405

Rous'd by his voice, four horrid forms arise—  
 And bow obedient—" Hear my words (he cries).  
 Stern Astorath (whom from the dreadful band  
 He singled forth to answer his demand,)  
 This fair unknown, this captivating dame,           410  
 Who from some distant region hither came  
 To hail our monarch—she, I clear divine,  
 Within her bosom harbours some design  
 Against the gen'ral weal—say, if I deem  
 Her purpose falsely, or discern her scheme."       415

" Thou hast not wrong'd her, (Astorath replied)  
 Thy judgment hath not been an erring guide.—  
 The sister and the brother both conspire  
 Fell vengeance 'gainst thy sect—their sole desire  
 Is to o'erthrow the altars, end the reign,  
 Which all the zealous Paladins sustain.—

Offspring of him who rules with scepter'd sway  
 The Oriental realm of rich Cathay,  
 Galaphron—he, whose unextinguished hate  
 To all who bear the Christian name is great, 425  
 An enemy more dang'rous, as he gains  
 From magic succours unsuspected mea  
 To further his intent; and arm'd with those,  
 He hopes to hurl destruction on his foes.—  
 The distance of his kingdom hence is great, 430  
 Plac'd on the confines of the Tartar state;  
 An hostile force he could not lead so far,  
 To wage in Europe's fields an equal war:  
 Nor could his utmost pow'r an army raise,  
 To crush the host that Charles' command obeys. 435  
 Thus hopeless of a conquest gain'd by arms,  
 Galaphron had recourse to spelful charms.—  
 An aged sire, in amity long bound  
 With China's race, and vers'd in arts profound,

Enchanted weapons at his wishes gave,  
 To arm his son, Argalia, young and brave :  
 A wond'rous lance, of pure attemper'd gold,  
 The warrior bears —its many virtues told,  
 Must raise amazement—it can never fail  
 O'er utmost might and valour to prevail.— 445  
 The knights most noted in the listed course,  
 Touch'd by this lance, lose firmness, strength, and  
     force,  
 And prone to earth, o'erthrown, must sudden fall,  
 As if by lightning struck.—Nor is this all.—  
 Wise Maligigi (Astorath pursued) 450  
 A stately steed, with mighty powers endued,  
 Whose swiftness in the race might leave behind  
 The unseen movements of th' impetuous wind,  
 Galaphron gave the youth—his polish'd hide,  
 With shining jet in gloss and colour vied : 455



His ardent eyes like lighted flambeaus glow'd,  
 O'er his arch'd neck his mane luxuriant flow'd;  
 The name of Rabican the courser bears.—  
 Thus all in order meet the King prepares:  
 Encourag'd by the knowledge that his son 460  
 Was fam'd for valour tried, and trophies won,  
 He doubted not success.—His aim to speed,  
 This heartfelt purpose he reveal'd—and said,  
 “ Argalia, 'tis our duty to obey  
 Great Tien's dictates.—Lo! on thee, this day, 465  
 A sacred trust devolves.—Reserv'd for thee  
 That conquest is (the pow'rs supreme decree)  
 Which shall exalt thro' earth the Pagan name,  
 And raze the Christian from the roll of fame.  
 Go—prove thy might—the wond'rous weapon bear,  
 In European fields the war to dare ;— 471  
 Angelica be partner of thy course,  
 Thy sister—grac'd with charms of pow'r to force

The coldest heart to feel, and instant prove  
 The strength of beauty, and the flame of love. 475  
 Those fatal charms shall urge each vent'rous knight  
 To take the field, and try th'unequal fight.  
 Lur'd with the hope a conquest to obtain,  
 They'll rush unguarded to thy victor chain.—  
 Vanquish'd by thee, and pris'ners hither sent, 480  
 The Gallic monarch vainly shall lament  
 The brave defenders that upheld his throne,  
 The guardians of his Christian temples gone;  
 And Europe's haughty sons insult no more  
 The ancient deities whom we adore." 485

The Demon ceas'd.—When Malagigi heard  
 The motive of the strangers' voyage declar'd,  
 He trembled—struck at once with rage and dread,  
 And thus, in strong impassion'd accents, said: 490

“ Oh ! how can wisdom guard ’gainst fraudulent guile,  
 When ambush’d ruin lurks in beauty’s smile,      491  
 And seeming innocence a lure is made,  
 By which th’ unwary lover is betray’d ?—  
 Oft have I read, and heard, of female arts,  
 To injure and deceive unpractis’d hearts ;      495  
 But this deep plan outstrips the usual course,  
 And calls for punishment of added force.—  
 Perfidious princess ! has indulgent heav’n  
 To thee attractions so resistless giv’n,  
 To turn them to this base, this cruel use ?      500  
 The shining gifts are dimm’d by such abuse.—  
 You meditate the ruin of our state,  
 The overthrow of all that’s good and great :  
 This odious purpose led you to resort  
 To our good unsuspecting monarch’s court ;      505  
 But hope not, now thy schemes to me are known,  
 To sap the firm foundation of his throne ;—

Thy base, dishonor'd brother ne'er shall wear  
 The wreath by fraud obtain'd, or overbear  
 The well-tried courage of our valiant knights,      510  
 By arts unmeet—me patriot zeal incites,  
 And ev'ry gen'rous feeling, to prevent  
 Thy enterprize, and foil thy fell intent.—  
 Yes—to thyself thy scheme shall fatal prove—  
 No knight shalt thou ensnare in ill-starr'd love.      515  
 To the cold realms of death I will consign  
 Thy youthful charms.—The noble task be mine  
 To strike th' exalted blow, and free each breast,  
 From thy enthral—This night while soft you rest,  
 To frustrate Galaphron's intent, and save      520  
 From menaced ills—I'll speed thee to the grave."

Oh ! futile boast of undiscerning man  
 To form or regulate a perfect plan,

Unless o'er-ruling Heav'n direct his mind,  
His best designs with error are entwin'd ; 525  
And he who quits religion's safer way,  
In vice's pathless wilds is doom'd to stray,  
A wretched wand'rer, ne'er to reach the goal  
Vain earthly wisdom promis'd to his soul. 529

In silence deep the knight his scheme conceal'd,  
Which soon were frustrate, had it been reveal'd.  
So great the love that ev'ry breast inspir'd,  
That all had warr'd to shield the nymph admir'd ;  
And ev'ry warrior would decry the deed,  
And ev'ry tongue against the outrage plead. 335  
Hence to no mortal ear he breath'd his will,  
Nor partner sought his purpose to fulfil :  
In his dark bosom he revolv'd a plan,  
By fiends inspir'd, too dreadful far for man.



---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

CANTO II.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

Consequences of Malagigi's project.—Astolpho comes to the fountain of Merlin, to combat with Argalia.—Issue of the engagement. —Ferrau arrives.—Battle between him and Argalia.—Refuses to submit to the terms of agreement.—Fights with the four giants, conquers them, and again dares Argalia to resume the contest.



## CANTO II.

---

---

**T**HIS project form'd, Agrismont's daring son,  
Elate in mind, almost conceiv'd it done.—  
No juster thought arose that virtue still,  
In seeking good, avoids the paths of ill ;  
Nor rashly dares to break that dread command,     5  
Which curbs the vengeful and inhuman hand.  
Fir'd with impatience till the day was spent,  
(As darkness best might favor his intent)  
O'erjoy'd he view'd the streaks of setting light ;  
He hail'd the murky shadows of the night ;     10  
And once again the demons call'd to bear  
To that sweet spot where rests the lovely fair,  
Near Merlin's fountain—instantly obey'd,  
The sprights transport him to an ample mead,

The moon just struggling thro' a fleecy cloud,      15  
To view the scene the Paladin allow'd.  
Two rich pavilions near the fount were rear'd,  
Of one the entrance by the giant guard  
Was watch'd, for there the beauteous princess lay,  
Reposing after the fatigues of day.      20  
Beneath the other, Galaphron's brave son  
Dreamt o'er the future conquests to be won,  
And flatt'ring fancy, spite of Somnus, shew'd  
Deceitful visions of unreal good.—  
Hail ! bland illusions—cheering oft' the gloom      25  
Of man's dark passage to the silent tomb ;  
'Scap'd, from day's pressing ills, to transient rest,  
You bid dull sorrow's child awhile be blest ;  
Teach poverty to smile, break slav'ry's chain,  
And bring far sever'd friends to sight again :      30  
Sketching gay views, which should of value seem,  
Since life itself is but a longer dream,—

Oh! never, never play the tyrant's part,  
Nor rack with added woes th' unhappy heart.  
But let thy balmy influence soothe and heal 35  
The various wounds that suff'ring bosoms feel.

Soft breath'd the gales, the lamps of Heav'n shone  
bright,  
And no rude sound molested peaceful night ;  
Lull'd were the birds—the flocks reposed serene,  
Nor savage prowler trod the lonely scene ; 40  
Till, with remorseless hand, and ruthless heart,  
'The knight rush'd on, to act a murd'rer's part.  
So erst in Paradise, while soft reclin'd,  
In careless ease, the parents of mankind  
Securely slumber'd—their fell foe arose, 45  
And mark'd the hapless pair for future woes.

To foil the vigilance and 'scape the sight  
 Of the huge band, too great for mortal might,  
 Now Malagigi to his art applies,  
 And seal'd from ev'ry view their dreadful eyes; 50  
 So strong the spell he wrought, that o'er the ground  
 Their cumb'rous forms lay lock'd in sleep profound.

The Paladin, with ardour misinspir'd,  
 Gain'd the retreat of her whom all admir'd.—  
 With firmness unappal'd, with savage joy, 55  
 He hail'd the moment destin'd to destroy  
 The fairest work of Heav'n.—Forbear, forbear,  
 Too cruel knight—nor thus inhuman dare  
 A deed, detested by the pow'rs divine:—  
 All nature trembles at the fell design. 60

By the clear light a crystal lamp supplies,  
 The maid he views—though slumber seal'd those eyes,

Whose brightness rival'd day.—He still beheld  
 Her visage calm, and features unexcell'd:  
 Her cheek with fadeless tints of crimson glow'd; 65  
 O'er her fair neck in glossy ringlets flow'd  
 Her flaxen tresses.—His relentless arm  
 He rais'd, to blot from earth her ev'ry charm;  
 But beauty's fascination now prevail'd,  
 And as he gaz'd, his horrid purpose fail'd. 70  
 “ O, 'twere a crime (he cried) of blackest dye,  
 To rob the world of thee.—My arts supply  
 Innum'rous ways to disappoint the aim,  
 Which urg'd thy brother to forget his fame, 74  
 And dare this treach'rous errand.—Live, bright fair;  
 Charms such as thine a savage e'en would spare.”

Sudden the maid awoke.—With wild surprize  
 She view'd her foe, and rent th' echoing skies

With cries for succour.—Soon Argalia heard  
 Her well-known voice, and instantly appear'd : 80  
 Like as the tyger darts upon his prey,  
 He Malagigi seiz'd, whom strong dismay  
 O'erpower'd, on seeing all his arts o'erthrown,  
 And ev'ry hope of deep-plann'd vengeance gone.

Within his nervous grasp Argalia held 85  
 The Paladin, whom shame and wonder quell'd  
 To unresisting tameness—different far  
 This conduct from his former feats in war.—  
 Unworthy deeds unnerve the firmest mind,  
 And fortitude with guilt is never join'd : 90  
 Hence should the hero cherish in his soul  
 Bright Virtue's impulse, and with care controul  
 Each sordid feeling—every passion base,  
 Else will he lag in glory's arduous race. 94

“ Vile traitor ! (cried the Prince) what base design  
 Gave rise to insolence so great as thine ?  
 Thy gallant seeming guise, and lofty port,  
 Bespeak thee inmate of th’ Emperor’s court ;  
 Yet surely thou some miscreant robber art,  
 And hidden here to play th’ assassin’s part :        100  
 Though knightly war with thee I scorn to wage,  
 Yet think not to evade my kindled rage.”

“ Oh ! let him not escape, (the Princess cries)  
 A vile magician he, in knightly guise,  
 Bent on our ruin—with destruction fraught—        105  
 By demons hither was th’ enchanter brought.—  
 Nought but the wond’rous ring our parent gave,  
 Could us from his audacious darings save.”

With wonder, and increasing anger fir’d,  
 The Prince with ease fulfill’d what she desir’d.        110





And say, Angelica this captive sent,  
The only one that could thy wish prevent,  
Of all the steel-clad warriors that resort  
To feed the Emperor's pride, or fill his court; 130  
This, this alone could trace our mystic ways,  
Or might effectual opposition raise."

The fiends, obedient to her order, bow'd,  
Nor pause, nor respite, was the knight allow'd.  
Swift as a shooting star, or arrow's flight, 135  
He lessens to the view, and fades from sight,  
And soaring o'er this dim terrestrial sphere,  
His rapid course he wends thro' upper air.  
His prayers and threats alike are breath'd in vain,  
The mocking fiends exulted in his pain; 140  
Thro' the wide space that severs land from land,  
A moment serv'd to waft th' infernal band,

And he whom late they flatter'd and obey'd,  
Is by their aid a wretched prisoner made.—

Vain were his utmost efforts to get free.— 145

Placed on the confines of the Yellow sea,  
Whose undulating waters spreading wide,  
The realms of China and Japan divide,

A drear and solitary prison stood,

Rear'd on a rock that overhangs the flood. 150

No flow'ry shrub, no tint of vernal green,  
Breaks the dull sameness of the sadden'd scene.

The melancholy waves, and desert sands,

Are all the views the gazer here commands.

Far from the coast the birds direct their flight, 155

Nor aught endued with life appears in sight,

Save the green adder, who tremendous glides,

Or monsters, natives of the refluent tides.

Prime joy of life—society—'tis thine  
 The thorns of care with roses to entwine : 160  
 Ordain'd of Heav'n, and gifted with the pow'r  
 To soothe the dull, and glad the festal hour ;  
 To lull the turbid breast to bliss serene,  
 And even rob disease of half its pain.—  
 When ills assail, and sorrows rive the heart, 165  
 Participation blunts misfortune's dart ;  
 But he—the wretch, whom adverse stars decree  
 To drag the heavy day remote from thee,  
 Is doom'd to woe, the hardest to be borne :  
 And such was now the knight of all forlorn. 170

Here close immur'd he mourn'd his hapless fate,  
 And by misfortune taught, grew wise too late.  
 Off' did he execrate his treach'rous art,  
 And curse the fiends for failing to impart

That Galaphron a wond'rous ring bestow'd      175  
 Upon his daughter, anxious for her good.  
 With constellated charms this gift was crown'd,  
 And hence, in ev'ry danger, help she found.—  
 While this she wore, no fraud of magic kind  
 Could 'scape from her detection.—If inclin'd      180  
 From ev'ry mortal eye her form to shroud,  
 And walk invisible, the ring allow'd  
 The wond'rous privilege.—Within her lip  
 (Sweet as the dews the bees of Hybla sip)  
 The ring she plac'd, and vanish'd from the sight,  
 Nor trace remain'd to mark th' amazing flight.      186  
 As blazing meteors sweep th' autumnal sky,  
 And dazzle first, then mock the gazer's eye,  
 Her bright attractions caught th' admiring view,  
 Then faded from the sight, as transient too.—      190  
 Hence Galaphron, devoid of fear, consign'd  
 Her tender beauties to the waves and wind ;

Convinc'd that e'en in perils and alarms  
 The ring would guard from ills, and save from harms.  
 Thus extricated from impending ill, 200  
 Angelica, who knew that magic still  
 Held in sleep's fetters her attendant train,  
 To free them from th' enchantment hastes amain.—  
 Rous'd by the potent call, from earth they start,  
 And hear appall'd of Malagigi's art, 205  
 Which thus had render'd vain their votive care,  
 And almost wrought destruction to the fair.

Soon as Aurora from Tithonus' bed  
 Arose, and o'er the skies her radiance shed,  
 The British Prince, whom pow'rful love inspir'd,  
 And ardour for the purpos'd combat fir'd, 211  
 With eager haste his glitt'ring arms assum'd;  
 And much on fortune's favour he presum'd.

Proud from the knightly band t' have gain'd the lead,  
 He calls the fickle goddess to his aid. 215  
 As in that contest she had prov'd his friend,  
 He trusts her bounties she will now extend.

Proud of his valour too—no doubts appear  
 To cloud the prospect of successful war,  
 And were his courage equall'd by his force, 220  
 Nought could his views impede or check his course ;  
 Lov'd by the good, the brave, the wise, the fair,  
 A Father's darling, and a people's care ;  
 Blest with each gift that nature could impart,  
 To please the ear, and captivate the heart, 225  
 Astolpho was ;—and if this prosp'rous lot  
 Some overweening sentiments begot,  
 His deeds were ever ready to sustain  
 His claims—and prove his vauntings were not vain.

Flush'd with each pleasing hope—his vig'rous steed  
The prince now guided to th' appointed mead: 231  
A harness, rich and gorgeous to behold,  
Embroider'd thick with leopards, wrought in gold,  
Adorn'd the courser, who, with speed of thought,  
The Paladin to Merlin's fountain brought. 235  
Impatient to contend for glory's prize,  
Unwonted confidence illum'd his eyes ;  
Illusive fancy paints his foe o'erthrown,  
And all the spoils of victory his own.

As yet the strangers in bland slumber lay, 240  
In their respective tents—nor knew that day  
Had climb'd the eastern portal, till the sound  
Of a shrill horn the echoes bore around.—  
Rous'd by the signal, quick Argalia leaves  
His couch, and glad the challenger receives. 245

Lightly he vaults on Rabican.—The lance,  
Forg'd to destroy each Christian warrior's chance,  
He held—and on his mighty arm he bore  
An ample buckler, bright as polish'd ore.  
Accoutred thus, he hail'd the British knight, 250  
To settle the conditions of the fight ;  
Recounting what th' Emp'ror had approv'd,  
When giving audience to the maid belov'd.  
With courtesy the youthful warrior heard  
His brief detail, and satisfied appear'd ; 255  
Admitting it was just those rules should bind,  
Which to the combatants had been assign'd.

The arduous knights now mark'd the listed course,  
And wheeling round—with utmost speed and force  
Rush'd on the bold career with lance in rest. 260  
Midway their fiery steeds met breast to breast,



E'en as two full fraught clouds, by tempest driv'n,  
Encounter with a shock that rends wide heav'n.—  
Astolpho aim'd a blow which fail'd to wound,  
But more success Argalia's efforts crown'd;       265  
His fatal lance evinced its spelful pow'r ;  
And brave Astolpho, in that luckless hour,  
Felt all his strength and energy recede,  
And lowly lay extended on the mead.—  
Severe amazement—rage for words too strong— 270  
In silence many moments bound his tongue,  
Till wild emotion burst the painful chain,  
And gave free course to murmurs breath'd in vain.

“ O ! Fortune—cruel enemy (he cried)       274

How could'st thou thus my cherish'd wish deride ?  
Thy pow'r alone could hurl me from my seat,  
And lay me at a haughty victor's feet.—

Disastrous chance!—is this then valour's meed?  
 Ah! why did flattering expectation lead  
 To such an end?—You thwart my anxious aim 280  
 To aid some favor'd rival's weaker claim:  
 But say, injurious, is there any knight  
 More brave than I, the object of your slight?  
 What heart for glory pants more strong than mine?  
 Who is more fitted for each great design? 285  
 Yet thou forsak'st me in the trying day,  
 And falsely flatter'd, only to betray."

Still had he mourn'd—but, lo! the giant band  
 Advance to seize him.—This severe command  
 He deprecates, and cries, "No gen'rous knight,  
 Vers'd in the laws of honourable fight, 291  
 And mindful of his glory, condescends  
 To take advantage for mere selfish ends,

When accidental ills o'erwhelm a foe—  
Although o'erthrown, my fall I doubtless owe 295  
To an unheedful squire, who loosely plac'd  
Those bands, which round my steed more firmly brac'd,  
Had fix'd my saddle safely.—Hence I deem  
'Twill be injustice in its worst extreme  
Should he—your ruler—now unfairly use 300  
The pow'r he owes to fortune, and refuse  
Once more with me the listed field to dare,  
And wage on equal terms the knightly war.”

But oft' in vain misfortune's claim assails,  
Where pride predominates, and might prevails; 305  
And seldom does the prosp'rous bosom glow  
With godlike sympathy in others woe.  
Though this poor boon the prince may safely yield,  
Secure to win the honours of the field,

Yet still unmov'd he claim'd a victor's right, 310  
And coldly urg'd the previous terms of fight.  
His ready agents once again he sent  
To bear Astolpho pris'ner to the tent:—  
The Paladin, indignant, struggled hard,  
But soon was master'd by his monstrous guard; 315  
Who from his brow the pluney honours tore,  
And stripp'd him of the splendid arms he wore.—  
Had royal Otho, monarch most rever'd,  
Conceiv'd his much-lov'd son in bondage snar'd,  
Prompt had he rush'd t' avenge the dire disgrace,  
And free the pride and glory of his race.— 321  
But now, nor parent, nor consoling friend,  
To ease his lab'ring heart assistance lend:  
Condemn'd alone, to nourish sad despair,  
And sigh unpitied to the desert air. 325

At length the captive's woes compassion find  
From fair Angelica's more gentle mind—  
His youth—his beauty— his superior grace,  
Which spoke him sprung from some illustrious race,  
Her pity mov'd—touch'd at his ill starr'd strife, 330  
She ponder'd on the fickle turns of life ;  
And thought how oft' to pleasure pain succeeds,  
And valour to stupendous danger leads.—

Immur'd, remain'd the solitary knight,  
Till dewy eve appear'd serenely bright, 335  
The princess then ordain'd he should repair  
To breathe the sweetness of the gen'ral air.—  
His careful guard surrounding, he was led  
Near the cool fountain—there his weary head  
He through the livelong night reclin'd, though rest  
Ne'er deign'd to soothe the tumults of his breast. 341

Astolpho's absence shew'd his sad defeat—  
And lo! Ferrau, in tow'ring thought elate,  
Awaited not the morning's tardy gleam  
To try his chance for victory and fame. 345  
Arm'd at all points, and mounted on a steed,  
The best of all far fam'd Cordova's breed,  
(Where richest nurture vivid pastures yield,)  
He left the court, and sought the destin'd field.  
Soon o'er the mountain's top, the red'ning skies  
Announc'd the morn to his desiring eyes.— 351  
His horn he blew, Argalia's rest to break,  
And call him forth the listed course to take;  
So dread, so potent was the deaf'ning blast,  
That animals resought their caves with haste; 355  
And the gay birds, who hail'd the rising day  
With cheerful chauntings, from the leafy spray  
Fell mute and shiv'ring to the prostrate plain,  
Nor could renew their melody again.

Angelica herself astounded heard  
 The horrid strain—and much she would have fear'd,  
 Had not the virtues of th' enchanted lance  
 Her hopes sustain'd 'mid all disastrous chance.  
 Argalia only felt no dastard dread,  
 But quickly arm'd, appear'd upon the mead;    365  
 Resolv'd his high pretensions to defend  
 'Gainst this new claimant, whose aspiring end  
 Superior force supported, far above  
 That of the recent foe with whom he strove.

The proud impatience of the knight of Spain  
 Wav'd all expostulation.—With disdain    371  
 Deep fraught, he spurr'd his courser to the fight;  
 Nor yet more backward was the Pagan knight—  
 The quick-eyed lynx in vain might strive to trace  
 The steps of Rabican in warlike race:    375

And o'er the rival steed, of swiftest fame,  
Bayardo only could the pref'rance claim.  
The pond'rous lance the Spanish hero bore,  
The strongest ever forg'd from Swedish ore,  
Fell with such violence on th' opposing shield, 380  
It flew in splinters scatter'd o'er the field.—  
And now Argalia's lighter weapon sped,  
And cast him vanquish'd o'er his courser's head:  
But this new Antæus, when he touch'd the ground,  
Fresh force and renovatèd courage found— 385  
Shame, youthful ardour—love, his soul inspir'd,  
And strong resentment all his bosom fir'd:  
He gnash'd his teeth in anger and despite,  
And sword in hand rush'd on to end the fight.  
“ What bold infringement would'st thou rashly dare,  
What trespass on the laws of marshall'd war? 391  
(Argalia cries.) I grant no further chance  
To those I once have conquer'd with the lance.”



But wayward passion reason scorns to hear,  
 And indignation seal'd the warrior's ear. 395

Advancing still he menaced and defied—  
 The giant train his purpose now descried;—  
 His stern persistence, his intrepid air,  
 Call'd on them instantly to interfere:  
 They left the prisoner whom they held in guard, 400  
 To seize this stubborn captive, who prepar'd  
 Their utmost force, with answ'ring force to meet,  
 And scorn'd alike submission or retreat.

First mighty Urgan hurl'd a dreadful dart,  
 And struck his vizor on the upper part; 405  
 But lo! the knight the weapon fail'd to wound,  
 And fell, innocuous, blunted to the ground.—  
 Fierce as a vulture pounces on his prey,  
 He flew, the daring outrage to repay:

The arm which threw the dart, he lopt with ease,  
 E'en as a woodman falls the new-sprung trees ; 411  
 The giant stretch'd forth his remaining hand,  
 In hope these rapid movements to command,  
 But this a similar disaster found,  
 And low the mad'ning monster bit the ground. 415

The huge Argestes, fir'd with furious hate,  
 Flew to avenge his lov'd companion's fate,  
 But quick o'erthrown to earth, his pond'rous form,  
 Like some large oak uprooted by the storm,  
 Fell with astounding noise ; and soon his breath 420  
 Was stopp'd for ever by unpitying death.

Great Furhon, strongest of the giant brood,  
 Whose force no mortal might had e'er withstood,  
 Advancing, strove to cleave the warrior's head ;  
 And so resistless was the blow he sped, 425

That Ferrau stagger'd underneath its weight,  
 And his plum'd casque fell broken at his feet.  
 Against a friendly pine awhile he lean'd,  
 And instantly his wonted strength regain'd ;  
 Nor could the weapons, or successive force      430  
 Of Turlon, or of Lampourde, check his course ;  
 For each in turn, to conquer him essay'd,  
 And each were lifeless left upon the mead.

Amaz'd Argalia had descried afar  
 The progress of this unexampled war,  
 And much his gen'rous nature wish'd to save      435  
 From such unequal force, a knight so brave :  
 But ere his care humane could interpose,  
 He saw Ferran triumphant o'er his foes ;  
 Who snatch'd a weapon fall'n upon the mead,  
 And rapid rushing forward, loudly said,      440

“ No further obstacle remains, sir knight,  
To cross our purpose, or retard the fight.”

“ Why speak of contest when the battle’s done,  
And I the listed field have fairly won ?  
(The prince replied,) you must submit, constrain’d  
By what the emp’ror previously ordain’d.” 446

“ Indiff’rent ’tis, (Ferrau replied) to me  
What he ordain’d, or what he may decree—  
I nor his subject am, nor of his train ;  
His rules I heed not—and his pow’r disdain. 450  
To win your sister I your force defy,  
And I will gain her hand, or bravely die.”

“ Cease knight, (Argalia cried) and wisely dread  
The ills that menace thy defenceless head.—  
Without or shield or helmet, would’st thou brave 455  
My justly kindled wrath? say what could save

From instant death, (did not compassion plead,  
 And honour's sacred laws forbid the deed)  
 A foe so rash?—Give o'er this fruitless strife ;  
 I'll curb thy freedom, but forbear thy life." 460

“ Such trivial reasons never shall restrain  
 My purpose, (cried Ferrau, with fierce disdain,)  
 A beauteous object all my bosom fires,  
 To her alone my anxious hope aspires ;  
 And to obtain her I'd undaunted bear, 465  
 Unarm'd, the utmost rage of fiercest war.”

Provok'd, Argalia could no longer rein  
 The movements of his wrath—with haughty mein,  
 In sharper accents he the knight address'd,  
 And spoke the passions lab'ring in his breast.— 470

“ No further parley will I hold, or shew  
Compassion to an undeserving foe.—  
By headstrong folly to destruction led,  
You’ve sought the ruin pending o’er your head.  
That arrogance which prompts your vain discourse  
See that you now sustain by deeds of force:      476  
Much is your valour—nor is mine untried,  
So learn to dread the prowess you deride.”

Those menaces th’ indignant knight of Spain  
Despis’d, and hurl’d defiance and disdain;      480  
Each aggravated spirit burn’d to try  
The hostile strife—to conquer—or to die.

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

==

CANTO III.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

FERRAU makes a proposal which is rejected by Angelica, who betakes herself to flight.—The contest between Ferrau and Argalia is renewed.—Catastrophe of the dispute.—Ferrau departs in pursuit of Angelica.—Astolpho acquaints Rinaldo of the events he has witnessed, who follows the path of Ferrau.—Orlando also goes in search of the fair fugitive.—Astolpho carries off the prize at the jousts.—Injustice of Charlemagne.



## CANTO III.

---

AS two fierce lions, fraught with wildest rage,  
(When in Hircanian forests they engage)  
Impetuous rush—so rush'd the ireful foes ;  
The vaulted sky re-echoed with their blows.  
Nor pause, nor relaxation, either knew, 5  
And sparks extorted from each cuirass flew :  
Loud as the clouds, by warring winds impell'd  
To vent their fires, they shake the prostrate field.  
The eastern prince with growing rage survey'd  
Th' insulting foe, and on his naked head 10  
With his keen falchion's edge he struck a blow,  
Whose force, he deem'd, must lay the boaster low ;  
But, with surprise, he saw it still unstain'd,  
While unappall'd, unhurt, the knight remain'd ;

Though such was the resistance that it found,      15  
 As made the weapon in the air rebound.—  
 The Saracen, with equal anger fir'd,  
 And equal thirst of fell revenge inspir'd,  
 Elated by Argalia's vain essay,  
 Beheld him now as his devoted prey.      20  
 Fraught with ungen'rous and sarcastic pride,  
 In mocking accents, "Valiant knight, (he cried)  
 Unto our holy prophet I commend  
 Thy gallant spirit, which I'll instant send      24  
 From this our world."—His sword he rais'd to cleave  
 The warrior's crested helmet.—Nought could save  
 From this attack but magic's arms alone—  
 (Those wond'rous arms with which Galaphron's son  
 Was gifted by the sage—too strong to feel  
 The utmost force and pow'r of sharpest steel)      30  
 Else had the casque in brittle fragments flown ;  
 Else were the prince for ever overthrown.

Long thus the strife was potently maintain'd,  
 Yet neither had the least advantage gain'd :  
 From mighty efforts no effect ensued,                    35  
 And each in strong amaze suspended stood ;—  
 Keen glances fill'd the pause, but neither spoke.—  
 At length Argalia thus the silence broke ;

“ Give o'er, brave knight, an ineffectual strife,  
 For know, enchanted armour guards my life :                    40  
 This honor bids me tell—then wisely cease  
 A conflict that must end in your disgrace.”

“ Say rather in your own, (Ferrau replies).  
 With equal freedom know, this knightly guise  
 Not for defence but ornament I wear ;                    45  
 I need nor plaited mail nor pointed spear :—  
 Invulnerable—gifted, from my birth,  
 With privilege beyond the sons of earth,

I fearless walk.—One only mortal part  
I shield from danger by the aid of art, 50  
In sevenfold iron—form'd of strength to bear  
The utmost hazard of the hottest war.—  
The counsel you bestow, in turn receive,  
And to my vows your beauteous sister give.  
No mean inferior seeks her heart and hand, 55  
But one of rank entitled to demand ;—  
To no dishonor my proposal tends,  
The crown Marsilius wears to me descends ;  
Aid, then, my suit, and let our discord cease,  
This be the sole condition of our peace. 60  
Friendship or enmity your choice await—  
Consent will kindness gain—refusal hate.”

Small time for consid'ration now ensued,  
Nor could this urgent pleading be withstood.

“ Since nor of Christian lineage, nor the friend 65  
Of Charles, I'm willing that our warfare end,  
(The prince replied.) I'll act as you desire,  
And rules of knightly courtesy require ;  
Nor will I seek to circumvent your love,  
If fair Angelica the suit approve.— 70  
Perhaps with favor she your claim will hear,  
For valour such as yours all must revere ;  
But should her heart averse your vows reject,  
Free to decide, her choice must meet respect.—  
To her in friendship as in blood allied, 75  
Her worth my boast—her charms my country's pride,  
From all constraint to guard her I'm prepar'd—  
A kind protector, and a faithful guard.”

“ 'Tis well, (the Spaniard cried) now haste to ask  
What fate awaits me—painful is the task 80

Of long incertitude, to one unus'd  
 Tamely to wait—or sue to be refus'd.”

Argalia to the maid this suit preferr'd,  
 And all the Saracen had urg'd declar'd.  
 The beauteous fair one listen'd with surprise, 85  
 And view'd her lover with attentive eyes;—  
 Youthful he was—but o'er his form and face  
 Nor art nor nature shed attractive grace:  
 His visage such as lab'ring cyclops wear,  
 Who ply their anvils with incessant care; 90  
 His inky matted locks, untaught to flow,  
 Seem'd such as on the sons of Afric grow;  
 His fiery eyes appear'd inclin'd to dart  
 Their piercing glances to th' affrighted heart;  
 And, still to wars devoted, he declin'd 95  
 All ornamental dress—nor was his mind

More suited approbation to obtain:—

Loud was his voice, and his demeanor vain,

While ev'ry movement shew'd internal pride,

And each expression decency defied. 100

A suitor such as this could never move

Angelica to own the pow'r of love :

To wake Argalia's pity she essay'd,

And thus in falt'ring accents spoke the maid :

“ Oh! thou, whose kindness, to remembrance dear,

Hath never yet impos'd a task severe, 106

Behold yon knight, and ask your conscious breast,

If sacrificed to him, I could be blest ?

No—sooner than become to him a prey,

I'll quit the cheerful precincts of the day— 110

Plunge me in yonder fountain, ne'er to rise ;

Let gloomy death for ever seal my eyes ;

Ten thousand deaths I'd rather dare, than prove  
The wretched object of his hideous love."

Argalia strove the lover's cause to plead,                   115  
And from her fix'd dislike wou'd fain dissuade.  
True to his word, he spoke him fam'd in war—  
A conquest worthy of the brightest fair ;  
And urg'd she should not on his passion frown,  
Or treat with scorn the offer of a crown.                   120

“ Not all the glitt'ring crowns on earth combin'd,  
Could tempt (the maid replied) my stedfast mind :  
Small are the joys that pride and pow'r impart ;—  
Ah ! what is splendour to an aching heart ?  
The union that he seeks no medium knows,                   125  
But mis'ry brings, or happiness bestows.—  
With him 'twere mis'ry in its worst extreme—  
O cease to urge—nor this resistance blame ;



But let us rather from this spot depart—  
For pending ills oppress my boding heart. 130  
If spirits wrapt in clay might be allow'd  
To pierce futurity's obstructing cloud,  
Mine now would eager spring, to ask the fates  
What end our daring enterprize awaits.  
Visions, dim seen, distract my anxious mind, 135  
Doubts rise on doubts, yet no solution find ;  
But plain it seems, that by th' heav'nly pow'rs,  
The Christian cause more favor'd is than ours :  
Not all the prudent forecast of our sire,  
Could furnish such defence as we require ; 140  
Witness the peril I so late incurr'd—  
Almost a victim to th' enchanter's sword ;  
And though by fortune rescued, still I fear  
Some fatal end—some dire misfortune near.—  
Then listen to my pleading, ere too late, 145  
And let us instantly from hence retreat.”

“ The counsel that your fond alarms would give,  
 (Argalia cried) what hero could receive ?  
 Ne'er will I meanly shun the unfinish'd fight,  
 Or seek for safety by a dastard flight.— 150  
 Come life or death, it never shall be said  
 I brook'd disgrace, or left the field dismay'd.  
 Oft' have I warr'd against th' embattled host,  
 And shall a single foe a triumph boast ?  
 No—sooner let the worst your aug'ring mind 155  
 Forebodes arrive—I bow to fate resign'd.”

“ Some adverse pow'r too sure your heart has  
     steel'd,  
 (The maid resum'd) but since you will not yield,  
 Permit that I alone may far remove  
 From yonder warrior and his ill-starr'd love : 160  
 His dreadful presence blasts my aching sight ;  
 I tremble, chill'd with horror and affright.—

To spare me from the frightful view I'll haste,  
 And wait until five days from this are past,  
 In Ardennes' forest.—Should you not appear      165  
 Within that period, grief and sad despair  
 Back to Galaphron's court shall speed his child,  
 No more by flatt'ring views to be beguil'd.  
 The wond'rous book the fell enchanter bore  
 I still possess—his sprights shall waft me o'er.— 170  
 From ills too great for fortitude to bear,  
 Thy sister's breaking heart in pity spare;  
 I never will endure to see thee fall,  
 Nor shall thy hostile victor me enthrall,  
 A hapless wand'rer rather let me prove,      175  
 And mourn unheard, and unprotected rove."

Wing'd by her fears, the dame, with utmost speed,  
 Forsook the scene and urg'd her rapid steed

To the deep shelter of the forest wide,  
Without companion, comforter, or guide. 180

With watchful eyes Ferrau the pair survey'd,  
And saw indignant the departing maid—  
His ruthless bosom swell'd with tenfold rage,  
Again he burn'd the deathful strife to wage;  
And lest the prince should share his sister's flight, 185  
He acts as ill befits a courteous knight.  
Tied near the tent he saw Argalia's horse,  
And loos'd him to pursue a headlong course—  
The goodly courser, from restriction freed,  
With rapid speed forsakes the wonted mead: 190  
Impetuous as rough Auster's venom'd gale,  
Or sweeping torrents that lay waste the vale,  
Trembles the verdant sward beneath his feet,  
Nor can keen sight keep pace with his retreat.

Argalia now appear'd, with troubled air, 195

His sister's resolution to declare.

But when this daring outrage met his view,

Resentment's impulse fill'd his soul anew.

“ What motive could to this procedure move?

(He frowning cried,) I went to plead thy love, 200

And now return to tell”—“ I'll gladly spare

All explanation—the detail forbear,

(With interruption rude, Ferrau replied,)

Too much degrading insult I've descried.—

Now vengeance reigns—nor shalt thou want a steed ;

Since one of us must join the torpid dead, 206

One courser will suffice—lo ! mine remains,

Whoe'er is victor may assume the reins.”

“ Since neither honor's laws, nor reason's force

Restrains thy temper, or directs thy course, 210

To argue, (cried Argalia,) were in vain,  
 Then all expostulation I disdain:  
 You better know to act the warrior's part,  
 Than speak the dictates of a gen'rous heart,  
 And 'tis more meet you should be still employ'd 215  
 In pleasing deeds, than actions unenjoy'd."—

Again the furious warfare was renew'd—  
 Again 'twas doubtful which should be subdued,  
 For equal skill sustain'd, and equal force  
 The combatants evinced in martial course.— 220  
 The eastern prince, by past experience taught,  
 To crush, not wound, his foe, with ardour sought.—  
 A mighty blow he struck—so hard it fell,  
 The Saracen had bade the world farewell,  
 Had he not quick adroitly slipp'd aside, 225  
 And foil'd the aim.—In vain Argalia tried

To strike again ; for, rushing from his stand,  
The hardy knight engag'd him hand to hand.  
In this dread struggle, to the earth they fell,  
But which had overthrown, 'twas hard to tell ; 230  
For though Ferrau the uppermost appear'd,  
Argalia with surprizing vigour rear'd  
His nervous arms, and instantly regain'd  
The upper station, which he long maintain'd,  
And with his iron gauntlets fiercely fought.— 235  
Nor yet less ardent was the Spaniard, fraught  
By mad'ning vengeance—with the only hand  
His enemy had left at his command,  
He drew his poniard, and by searching found  
Beneath Argalia's cuirass where to wound.— 240  
He plung'd the fatal weapon in his side—  
In life's empurpled stream 'twas deeply dyed.

Argalia felt that life was ebbing fast,  
And on the Saracen he pensive cast

His dying eyes—in accents slow and weak, 245

He thus essay'd his last desire to speak :

“ The palm of war is yours, brave knight, and lo !

I to the darksome grave untimely go :

Yet though by thee I fall, a gen'rous mind

And high respect for chivalry conjoin'd, 250

Will urge thee to perform a kindly task,

And grant the only favour that I ask.—

Soon as life stagnates in these flowing veins,

To yonder fountain bear my cold remains,

And, fully arm'd, beneath the whelming tide 255

From ev'ry mortal view for ever hide

This vanquish'd form—a necessary care

To guard my honour, bids me make this pray'r,

Base and ignoble souls may else refuse

To own I e'er had valour, and accuse 260



Him who with arms so strong was forc'd to yield,  
 As far unworthy to have tried the field.—  
 From such reproach, my mem'ry I would save,  
 A shame more hideous than the op'ning grave.”

While thus a sad petition he preferr'd, 265  
 His touching words Ferrau attentive heard.  
 Though little used to act a tender part,  
 Unwonted sympathy surpriz'd his heart.  
 “ Brave knight, (he cried,) thy melancholy fate  
 Disarms my rage, and overpow'rs my hate ; 270  
 At once I pity, and regret the doom  
 That thus precipitates thee to the tomb ;  
 Yet dread not malice—thy immortal name  
 Shall live for ever in the roll of fame.  
 A hero only could support a strife, 275  
 Which almost had bereft me of my life.—

Know, if 'twill ease thy pangs to understand,  
 That I will strictly follow thy command,  
 With only one reserve.—Permit, while here,  
 That I thy helmet may assume and wear. 280  
 My earnest wish is to remain unknown,  
 While with a people foreign from my own;  
 The needful vizer will my visage hide,  
 And I 'mid Christians may securely bide.”

While thus Ferrau, in soften'd voice, exprest, 285  
 Kind nature's impulse lab'ring in his breast,  
 (Environ'd by the pallid shades of death)  
 With failing sight, and interrupted breath,  
 Argalia sunk.—Life's struggles soon were o'er—  
 Its joys or cares could move his heart no more. 290  
 No words he utter'd—but he bow'd his head,  
 And sighing deep—his hov'ring spirit fled.

Accurst ambition—foe of human kind,  
How long wilt thou mislead the erring mind?—  
By thee induced to quit his native clime, 295  
This valiant prince, the glory of his time,  
An unlamented stranger, yields his breath!—  
He grasp'd at laurels, but encounter'd death.—  
Had faith's enlight'ning rays upon him shone,  
To make the virtues of his nature known, 300  
A gen'ral loss had his disaster prov'd,  
By all lamented, and by all belov'd.  
But though no monument to him is rear'd,  
In mem'ry's records, ever high rever'd,  
His worth, his noble qualities, shall live, 305  
And time its tributary sorrows give.

When motionless and cold, Ferrau beheld  
The lifeless knight extended on the field ;

He carefully the glittering casque unlac'd,  
Which on his head, till then unarm'd, he brac'd.  
Then, faithful to his promise, he convey'd 311  
The pale remains, and near the fountain's head  
A spot of depth sufficient he espied,  
Just where a whirlpool drank the passing tide.—  
He plung'd the corse, which instant sank, (so great  
The close investing armour's pond'rous weight) 316  
In dull seclusion to remain forgot,  
Nor fear'd that chance should tell the hapless spot.—  
So end the glories of this mortal span,  
The hopes—the labours—and the pride of man. 320  
The brave, the mighty, vanish from our sight,  
And blank oblivion veils them deep in night.

This melancholy duty duly paid,  
The Saracen, by sad reflection stay'd,

Stood fix'd and mute—revolving in his mind 325

The turns of life—more changeful than the wind—

But soon these salutary thoughts are o'er ;

On human ills he meditates no more ;

His bosom glows again—new conquest fires

His busy hope, and every wish inspires. 330

Short is humanity's benignant reign

In minds untutor'd, insolent and vain.—

At length Angelica's contemptuous flight

Struck on the recollection of the knight ;

Quick springing on his steed, he urg'd his pace,

With utmost speed the fugitive to trace ; 336

For well he mark'd the course she had pursued,

To gain th' intricate mazes of the wood.

Of all the Eastern train that menaced late

The Christian weal and th' establish'd state, 340

Not one remain'd—so potent is the force  
Of heav'nly justice, in its awful course.—  
Dull silence rules the hour—the victor flies,  
And chain'd by ruthless death, the vanquish'd lies ;  
Astolpho only now remains to tell 345  
The wond'rous incidents which all befell.  
The knight, when from his giant guardians freed,  
Without obstruction might have left the mead ;  
But such the gen'rous int'rest that arose  
Within his breast, though all to him were foes, 350  
That, bent to see the issue of the fight,  
Nor liberty he sought, nor thought of flight.—  
The combat o'er, and sympathy in vain,  
'Twas ineffectual longer to remain ;  
Again he shines in splendid arms array'd, 355  
Again the wavy plume bedecks his head ;  
At distance on a height above the field,  
His fav'rite steed with pleasure he beheld ;

He hastes to join him, and by hunger stay'd,  
 Or recollection of his master sway'd, 360  
 The lofty courser on the spot remains,  
 And cheerfully submits him to the reins.

His plaited cuirass, and his warlike horse  
 Regain'd, no bar remains to stop his course,  
 Save only one—the inauspicious chance 365  
 That enviously depriv'd him of his lance,  
 Which, in their strife, with ineffectual stroke,  
 He 'gainst Argalia's shield in splinters broke.—  
 Around he cast his eyes, in hope to view,  
 Amid the trees that in luxuriance grew, 370  
 Some one, from which a branch he might obtain,  
 And hew to form.—Nor was his search in vain;  
 For while he eager sought, lo! stately reared  
 Against a pine, the golden lance appear'd,

And glitter'd in the sun, as dazzling bright, 375  
 As stars that pierce the dusky veil of night.  
 Gladly the prize he seiz'd, although unskill'd  
 In all its pow'rs, to win th' embattled field ;  
 And yielding up his passion in despair,  
 No further wishes to pursue the fair.— 380  
 With heart more tranquil than he bore the day  
 When he from Paris ardent took his way,  
 Again he sought the court, nor far had gone,  
 Until he met Rinaldo hasting on,  
 Intent to reach in time the destin'd mead, 385  
 And to the Saracen in turn succeed.—  
 Astolpho, to the Paladin allied,  
 Sought not the recent incidents to hide.—  
 He spoke each tragic movement he beheld—  
 How stern Ferrau had triumph'd in the field— 390  
 Argalia's fall—the lovely damsel's flight—  
 But to th' unfinish'd tale th' impatient knight



No longer listen'd—to his anxious fears

Too great already his delay appears.

The bright and peerless maid, thus forc'd to fly,

No friend to aid her, no safe shelter nigh! 396

What hardships might she prove, what dangers meet,

Thus widely sever'd from her native seat!

Compell'd an hapless wanderer to stray,

Bewilder'd in the forest's mazy way. 400

His ardent wishes to defend the fair,

More strong than duty's claims or glory's were:

His country's cause no more inspires his heart;

He urg'd Bayordo, eager to depart;

An arrow launch'd with force could not o'ertake 405

The expedition he was wont to make,

Yet still the Paladin, in haste to go,

Complain'd his rapid movements were too slow.

While thus, forsaking reason's temp'rate force,  
 The Paladin pursued a devious course; 410  
 Not less Orlando felt love's fatal flame;  
 His hopes, his fears, his wishes were the same.  
 He from Astolpho learn'd what late had past,  
 Who also told Rinaldo's eager haste  
 To seek the scene to which the dame had gone, 415  
 Ere yet Ferrau the fateful battle won.—  
 Those strange events revolving in his soul,  
 His strong emotions broke through all controul.—  
 “ Unblest Orlando—sure thy adverse fate  
 Seeks daily new misfortunes to create, 420  
 (He sighing said) what ills can equal thine?  
 Unthought-of evils thwart thy just design.—  
 Too well I know Rinaldo's specious wiles;  
 That grace which heedless fancy oft' beguiles,  
 Is all his own—that fascinating art 425  
 Of flattery unperceiv'd, which round the heart

Winds an insidious snare, and wins the dame  
To slight superior merit's juster claim,  
And scorn the language of a soul sincere,  
When plain and unadorn'd it meets her ear ; 430  
No eloquence is mine—my only art  
Is the pure language of an honest heart.  
But say, what fatal indolence can bind,  
Thus plung'd in grief, to linger yet behind,  
Prey of suspicion, torn by jealous fears ? 435  
Away, ye sighs, and unavailing tears—  
Far better 'tis to seek the conqu'ring maid,  
And to her miseries bring useful aid.—  
Such tenderness as my true heart inspires  
Must in her soul awake congenial fires : 440  
The pains I suffer will compassion move,  
And gentle pity is the friend of love.—  
Think, think, Orlando, can'st thou tamely bear  
A rival's triumph ?—or permit the fair

He thus pursues, to yield her heart his prey? 445

Oh! never, never come that dreaded day!—

From this degrading lethargy awake,

And speed the beauteous maid to overtake;

To rescue her from his too daring hand,

Thy love, thy happiness, thy fame demand.” 450

Sudden he starts—and, fraught with ardour, flies

To re-assume his arms, and warlike guise;

Not those rich arms he had been wont to wield,

The dazzling wonder of th' embattled field,

But plain and simple—suited to conceal 455

That noble rank he wish'd not to reveal.—

Resistless love! how forceful is thy pow'r,

That thus could lead—though glory rul'd the hour;

For now the jousts began, in which his claim

To envied conquest, and immortal fame, 460

Had been insur'd, did not thy impulse steel  
His breast 'gainst all it erst was prompt to feel—  
Scorning the victor's wreath, the willing slave,  
To swell thy pride, a shameful triumph gave.—  
Fam'd Brigliadoro—his unequall'd steed, 465  
In secret from the court he sought to lead,  
And mounting, quick as lightning took the road;  
Rinaldo follow'd, when he sought the wood.

Now gallantly the tourney was maintain'd,  
In which the Saracens much honor gain'd, 470  
And Serpentino shew'd a martial force,  
Surpassing all that tried the tilted course.—  
With sorrow and surprize the Empror heard  
The kindred Paladins had disappear'd;  
Too plain their absence from the field was trac'd, 475  
Although by thousand valiant knights replac'd,

Whose arduous efforts cruel fortune crost,  
And all the glory of the jousts was lost,  
Had not Astolpho, with the lance of gold,  
Unhors'd each champion for the fight enroll'd ; 480  
From ev'ry brow the new-sprung laurels tore,  
And quell'd the band who Mahomet adore.

But withering envy, dark Avernus' child,  
The hero of his just reward beguil'd ;  
The strain of triumph thousand trumpets sound,  
Tartarean caverns widely echo round ; 486  
From her dim den the monster starts aghast,  
And list's appall'd to the unwelcome blast ;  
In fiercest wrath she rear'd her snake-wreath'd head,  
And with envenom'd haste to earth she fled ; 490  
All nature trembled as she wing'd her way,  
And low'ring clouds obscur'd the face of day.

Soon she attain'd her wonted seat unblest,  
In the close foldings of a vicious breast.  
Ganes of Poitiers, and his devoted train,      495  
Conspire the Britons' fair renown to stain,  
And still prolong the joust—but vanquish'd, meet  
The treach'rous coward's meed, a quick defeat.  
In troops they rush, his single force to try,  
But overthrown and maim'd, despairing lie.      500  
Each breast with honor's sacred feelings warm,  
Griev'd for this outrage—ev'ry gen'rous arm  
Was rais'd for its redress.—In gen'ral fight,  
The partizans of each fought knight 'gainst knight.  
Th' Emp'ror rose to quell th' alarming war,      505  
But lent to Ganes a much too fav'ring ear :  
Still partial to Mayence's treach'rous race,  
He doom'd Astolpho to unjust disgrace.  
Accus'd of having this dissension bred,  
By means unfair, behold him pris'ner led,      510

On Anselm's evidence, whose abject heart  
Was still prepar'd to act a traitor's part.—  
Pale Envy gloried in the lot severe,  
And sunk exulting to her native sphere.





---

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

---

CANTO IV.

---

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

RINALDO arrives at the forest of Ardenne, and reaches the fountain of Hatred, whose waters he tastes.—Determines to give over his pursuit.—Loses his way, and stops to repose.—Of the waters of Love.—Angelica arrives.—Rinaldo departs.—Orlando appears, and is speedily followed by Ferrau, who challenges him.—The coming of Flordepina breaks off the combat.—Angelica betakes herself to flight.—Departure of Ferrau with Flordepina.—Orlando resumes his pursuit of Angelica.

## CANTO IV.

---

---

**B**UT leaving those events, the faithful Muse  
The progress of the fugitives pursues.—  
Rinaldo reach'd a shelter'd green retreat,  
Of silent quiet long the lonely seat,  
Where num'rous trees their shadowy umbrage spread,  
And balmy zephyrs cool refreshment shed. 6  
Throughout the whole of Ardenne's spacious round,  
A spot more beauteous scarcely could be found ;  
A flowing brook meander'd through the grass,  
Reflecting on its surface, clear as glass, 10  
The various plants that on its borders rose,  
Mid waters cold as chill December's snows.

Rear'd at a distance—near the fountain's side,  
 An edifice magnificent he spied—  
 The work of Merlin, far fam'd British sage,      15  
 (The boast and wonder of an ancient age,)  
 To cure his friend brave Tristan's hapless flame,  
 And teach him to forget his royal dame ;  
 By magic skill the fountain here he plac'd,  
 With ev'ry charm of art and nature grac'd :      20  
 Though oft within the forest wont to rove,  
 And wake with sighs each echo of the grove,  
 Still adverse stars decreed the lover's course  
 Should never reach this salutary source,  
 Which tasted once, with instant force can turn      25  
 The fondest passion to contemptuous scorn.

'Twas now past noon, and sol's all cheering ray  
 In full effulgence rul'd the fervid day.

Rinaldo, wearied, and o'erpow'r'd with heat,  
 Delighted view'd the shelter'd sweet retreat ;      30  
 Quick springing from his courser, (which he led)  
 With eager step he sought the fountain head,  
 And slaked his burning thirst—but, strange to tell,  
 He instant found his heart 'gainst love rebel ;  
 The wond'rous draught its strong effect had wrought,  
 Chang'd every wish and alter'd every thought.      36  
 Repenting now his rash and hasty flight,  
 (Unworthy of a patriot or a knight,)  
 Keen fancy paints, in glowing tints, the wrong  
 His fame must suffer 'mid the envious throng,      40  
 Should rumour tell, to gain a worthless maid  
 Rinaldo has his country's cause betray'd.  
 " What adverse fate, (he cries,) has brought me here ?  
 How could I hold such mean attractions dear ?  
 Was I, ye pow'rs ! the proper dupe of love ?      45  
 No—Pride and reason both must disapprove

A weakness, wisdom ever has declin'd,  
And doubly shameful in a hero's mind.  
For me—all transient admiration o'er,  
I hate this wand'ring stranger—never more 50  
Within my breast shall she resume her reign,  
Her arts I scorn, and break her slavish chain.  
Sure some strange mist was o'er my senses spread,  
Else never could my judgment be misled,  
A vain pursuit insensate to prefer, 55  
To all the honours I might gain in war.  
Heav'ns! should the Saracens bear off the prize,  
While humbled low my native country lies,  
What just reproaches must the truant wait,  
From the wrong'd monarch, and the injur'd state. 60

Reflecting thus, the knight again bestrode  
His steed, and back to Paris took the road;

But, wilder'd in the forest's mazy way,  
The fates ordain'd him from that path to stray,  
To where so many diff'rent windings meet, 65  
He scarcely knows by which he may retreat.  
Compell'd at length to chuse, he one essay'd,  
Which open'd to a space within the shade,  
Where lavish pansies paint the grassy vale, 69  
And blossom'd sweets with fragrance scent the gale :  
Though culture's hand the ground had never drest,  
Indulgent nature's beauty stood confest ;  
Evincing, when she kindly did her part,  
How little she requir'd the aid of art.  
Throughout the bounds of this sequester'd scene 75  
A bright pellucid river flows serene,  
From whose full urn a bounteous Naiad pours  
Health to the plants and beauty to the flow'rs.  
Those wond'rons waters were of force possest,  
Like Merlin's fount, to change the human breast, 80

But destin'd different effects to prove,  
*That* kindles hatred, *these* inspire with love.

Close by the margin of th' irriguous tide,  
 A shelter'd spot the Paladin descried ;  
 A grassy bank beneath, and overhead 85  
 A waving becch its leafy branches spread.—  
 Exhausted now by long and fruitless toil,  
 He turn'd his steed to crop the plenteous soil,  
 And here reclin'd, where ease and silence join'd  
 To lull to calm repose the wearied mind ; 90  
 A gentle slumber on his senses stole,  
 And yielded needful respite to his soul.

Whilst thus the knight, no more vain passions prey,  
 In sleep's soft fetters bound, unconscious lay,  
 Capricious Fortune, in malignant mood, 95  
 Led fair Angelica to take this road ;



Well pleas'd she view'd the undulating tide,  
In soft meanders through the valley glide ;  
She left her palfrey, and, with luckless haste,  
Approach'd the bank, the cooling draught to taste.  
No better genius, no preventing pow'r, 101  
No friendly aspect, rul'd the fatal hour ;  
The wayward deity, whose random darts  
Inflict imagin'd pangs on heedless hearts,  
By wisdom's shield unguarded—bids her prove 105  
The sorrows that attend on slighted love.  
Intent her lonely progress to pursue,  
She turn'd, and lo ! Rinaldo caught her view.—  
Too fatal glance—her ev'ry hope is crost,  
And liberty and peace at once are lost ! 110  
From her blanch'd check the blooming roses fled ;—  
Like flow'rs surcharg'd with dew, she droop'd her  
head.—

Now conscious beauty bids her hopes inspire,  
And tells that all who see her must admire :  
But timid diffidence soon checks her pride,            115  
And doubts with hopes her anxious breast divide ;  
Those doubts which oft perplex the firmest mind,  
With real love inseparably twin'd.  
She cull'd the violets from the scented glade,  
And thus, in pensive mood, reflecting said,—    120  
“ Ye fragrant children of the lowly vale,  
Who breathe your sweetness on the desert gale,  
Safe shelter'd in the shade, your blooms ye spread,  
While tempests rave around the mountain's head,  
And rend the lofty pines.—Oh ! had my lot        125  
Been cast in humble life, this fatal spot  
I ne'er had reach'd—but now, condemn'd to rove,  
Ambition's victim—victim, too, of love,  
My every hope of happiness is o'er,  
And I shall never know contentment more.”    130

While thus she sorrowing mus'd, from sleep pro-  
found,

Rinaldo starting, cast his eyes around ;—

He saw Angelica, and seeing knew,

But pain—not joy—resulted from the view.

A hatred, strong as was his former love, 135

Within his agitated bosom strove :

No mild complacence could he feel or feign,

And his averted eyes evinced disdain ;

Careless the air, abrupt th' ungracious speed

With which he turn'd to seek his grazing steed. 140

No more his indurated bosom glows

With soft compassion for the wand'rer's woes ;

Sad, unprotected prey of grief and fear,

Her alter'd state, her hapless lot severe,

No pity moves ; for hatred's dire controul 145

With savage firmness steels the human soul.—

When the soft ties that link affection's band,  
 Are rent by enmity's malignant hand,  
 Fell rancour with redoubled fury burns,  
 And friendship strong, to strong aversion turns. 150

Angelica beheld, with wond'ring eyes,  
 His stern demeanor.—“ Wretched fate ! (she cries)  
 What cause unknown impels this sudden flight ?  
 Am I an object to create affright ?—  
 Or, changing climes, have I, unhappy, lost 155  
 The influence and respect I once could boast ?”  
 But, lo ! while thus she thought, he mounts—he  
 flies—

He vanishes from her astonish'd eyes ;  
 Quick as from clouds the nimble lightnings part,  
 Regardless of th' affliction of her heart. 160

The utmost pow'rs of eloquence would fail,  
 Her wonder, or her sufferings, to reveal.

No more her thoughts retain their wonted ease,  
 (Unruffled as the swell of summer seas)  
 With innate rage, she felt forlorn—disgrac'd— 165  
 Her pride insulted, and her rank abas'd.—  
 Her lovely tresses, form'd all hearts to bind,  
 With desp'rate hands she scatter'd to the wind,  
 While from her radiant eyes, in plenteous show'rs,  
 Fast falling tears bedew'd th' insensate flow'rs. 170  
 Ah ! what avails each highly boasted grace  
 Kind nature lavish'd on her mien and face !  
 Far better were a homely form conjoin'd  
 With a firm spirit, and a placid mind.  
 “ Hard fate ! (she cries) say why has fav'ring heav'n  
 A faultless form to this barbarian giv'n, 176  
 And yet thus steel'd his unrelenting heart  
 'Gainst polish'd culture's humanizing art ?—  
 Sure from some savage race the tyrant sprung,  
 Who never form'd to sympathy their young. 180

Quick let me end my doubts, and learn what name  
 Th' ungentle foe of courteousness may claim."  
 Fantastic pow'r of love!—severe thy reign!  
 Thou mak'st thy captive hug his galling chain,  
 And bid'st him pay back tenderness for scorn; 185  
 True when betray'd, and constant though forlorn.—  
 Deceiv'd, misguided by thy guileful force,  
 To Malagigi's book she had recourse;—  
 His name the spirits to her wish accord—  
 Rinaldo, son of Montalbano's lord, 190  
 Descended from a long illustrious race,  
 Whose deeds applauding fame delights to trace.—  
 Struck with the sound, her perturbation grows  
 More pow'rful, and she feels redoubled woes.  
 "Alas! (she cries) ere yet I had become 195  
 A hapless wand'rer from my happy home,  
 Though far remote from hence, I oft have heard  
 His merit and his prowess so revered,

That much I envied to this favor'd land  
The knight, and wish'd him of the Pagan band.  
No savage he, as I, misdeeming thought,           201  
But one with ev'ry generous feeling fraught.  
How could a heart, where honor's impulse glows,  
Be harshly unregardful of my woes—  
By ills pursued, by ruthless violence driv'n           205  
From all the blessings once bestow'd by Heav'n?  
Ingrate! for him all hardships I'd endure,  
And part from life, his safety to secure.—  
Ah! me—innum'rous ills his course belay—  
That steed that bears him rapidly away,           210  
By one false step may hurl him to the grave,  
While pow'rless here I weep—but cannot save.—  
Yet, while for him my soul is rent with care,  
Does he my fate lament, my sorrows share?  
No!—As the roving bee delights to range           215  
'Mid fragrant blooms—his heart, still prone to change,

This form shall to forgetfulness consign ;

But endless constancy, alas ! is mine.—

O Galaphron !—lov'd parent—thou must grieve—

How could illusive fancy so deceive 220

Thy wisdom, as to think those slighted charms

Could conquest gain ?—Thou must have stronger arms

To overcome the knights, and win the prize,

For pow'rless are thy wretched daughter's eyes.—

Blest freedom, thou would'st be my dearest choice ;

Yet still my heart is deaf to wisdom's voice, 256

And with hard cruelty o'er-ruling fate

Compels me to regard, when I should hate.”

Thus mourn'd the beauteous maid, while all around

'The lonely echoes bore the plaintive sound.— 230

At length, in silence, with a woe-struck mind,

To musing melancholy she resign'd ;



But seldom does reflection deign to prove

A friendly solace to unhappy love :—

Again she wept—again she deeply sigh'd, 235

And many threat'ning ills her thoughts divide ;

Till that kind power, whose soothing aid imparts

Relief and respite to unhappy hearts,

Refreshing sleep approach'd in pensive guise,

Stole o'er each sense, and seal'd her weary eyes. 240

Now matchless Brigliadoro, swift as thought,

Orlando to the shades of Ardenne brought ;

Throughout the forest's paths he roam'd to find

Some trace of her whose image fill'd his mind :

But fortune, fond to act a double part, 245

And with deceitful smiles beguile the heart—

She to the knight now lent her treach'rous aid,

And soon the peerless damsel he survey'd.—

Not the mild beam of Cynthia's silver light,

That gilds the lurid brow of cheerless night, 250

To the lone wanderer such pleasure gives,  
As great Orlando from this view receives.—  
O'erwhelm'd with admiration and surprize,  
He fears some bright illusion mocks his eyes:—  
He gaz'd—but could not in her visage find      255  
The traces of those pangs that rack'd her mind ;  
There beauty reign'd in all her conq'ring pow'rs,  
And bloom'd more fresh than the surrounding flow'rs.  
The gentle murmurs of the gliding stream  
Seem'd to the list'ning wood nymphs to proclaim      260  
That on its favour'd banks a beauty rests,  
Whose charms enkindle in all gazer's breasts  
A flame, as strong as those advent'ers prove,  
Who taste its waters, and are snar'd by love.

Subsiding wonder now its place resign'd,      265  
And various thoughts distress'd the lover's mind.

Too much he fears her frown, to rashly dare  
 Encounter glances that would bring despair.  
 “ Ah ! should her lovely eyes, (he sighing said,)  
 That anger shew I more than lightnings dread, 270  
 How wretched were my lot !—Yet should I wave  
 To speak, this moment fate auspicious gave,  
 No other chance might future time supply,  
 Unheeded shall I live—unpitied die ;  
 But should harsh rigour bid her disapprove 275  
 Unblemish’d truth, and honourable love,  
 And my avowal e’en resentment raise,  
 Submission shall her waken’d wrath appease.  
 Deign, mighty Love, to take thy vot’ry’s part,  
 To mutual tenderness subdue her heart. 280  
 O ! Fortune, realize fond fancy’s dream,  
 And let Orlando win the dame’s esteem.  
 Perhaps, prefer’d before her num’rous train,  
 To guide her steps, I shall permission gain.

Glad would I shield her in each dang'rous strife, 285  
And consecrate to her alone my life."

Led on by expectation, he had made  
Some effort with the fair his cause to plead,  
But adverse pow'rs their venom'd force combine,  
And new obstructions thwart his fix'd design. 290  
Hard is the task from cherish'd hope to part,  
And tear a fav'rite purpose from the heart ;  
Yet this hard task too rigid fate assign'd  
To the ingenuous lover's lab'ring mind.  
Ferrau appear'd—and quick his jealous sight 295  
Was rivetted upon the stranger knight ;  
For brave Orlando, in his close disguise,  
Remain'd unknown to his enquiring eyes.—  
Not so Angelica, whose blooming charms  
He recognized—and instant flew to arms. 300

Advancing with a fierce imperious air,  
 “ Hear, knight ! (he cried,) surrender to my care  
 Yon beauty—or prepare in mortal fight  
 By force of valour to maintain your right.”

The truly brave, averse to contest still,                    305  
 Reluctant yield the reins to passion’s will ;  
 And, though Orlando felt his hope destroy’d,  
 Yet gentle language, only, he employ’d.—  
 “ Pass on, Sir knight, (he cried) pursue your road,  
 Nor seek contentions foreign to your good ;                    310  
 No just pretensions can you have to claim  
 The conduct of this bright and peerless dame ;  
 Remove, then, hence, and this address forbear ;  
 Your absence can be well dispens’d with here.”  
 “ ’Tis thine to go, (resum’d the Spanish knight)  
 For hateful is thy presence in my sight ;                    316

Then quick depart—let needful fears alarm—  
So 'scape the force of my all-conqu'ring arm."

By insult fir'd, the Paladin survey'd  
The haughty boaster, and indignant said,           320  
" Audacious, know that he, your headlong rage  
Would, 'gainst all reason, lead you to engage,  
Is call'd Orlando."——" E'en that sounding name  
Shall ne'er induce me to forego my claim,  
(The knight replied): Orlando though you are,   325  
By force you shall resign the beauteous fair ;—  
And know it is Ferrau who shall constrain—  
Ferrau—who holds your prowess in disdain.

While thus he spoke, he sprung from off his steed,  
And found Orlando ready on the mead.           330  
The knights with force their dreadful weapons ply,  
And from their mail the iron fragments fly.

While thus they strove, Angelica, unblest,  
Shook off the downy bonds of peaceful rest ;  
Wide o'er the scene she cast her fearful eyes,      335  
And deem'd that pealing thunders rent the skies,  
So horrid was the din.—When all around,  
She saw their broken armour strew the ground,  
Astonishment, dismay, and wild affright  
Seiz'd on her mind, and prompted sudden flight: 340  
Her palfrey, near at hand, she sought with haste,  
And plunged into the forest's wildest waste :  
So great her agitation, in that hour,  
She wholly had forgotten magic pow'r,  
Th' enchanter's book, and wonder-working ring, 245  
That to her need a readier aid might bring—  
A fugitive—again condemn'd to rove,  
And bear the added woes of hopeless love.

Orlando first the rapid flight descries,  
And views the parting fair with anxious eyes ; 350  
Desisting from his efforts, he addrest  
The Saracen, and thus his wish exprest :—  
“ Vain is our strife—here let our combat end ;—  
The prize withdrawn, ’twere folly to contend.—  
Some other time we may resume this cause, 355  
Fulfilling all requir’d by honor’s laws.  
Now let me haste to seek the wand’ring maid,  
Nor hopeless thou, my dearest hope impede :—  
This gen’rous courtesy to you I’ll owe,  
And grateful own the favor you bestow.” 360

“ Vain hope, and insolent—(Ferrau replied,  
And rear’d his head with still increasing pride)  
To me that privilege or quickly yield,  
Or try to wrest it from me in the field.—



Should it be yours to rob me of my life, 365

Your wish pursue—but if to you the strife

Shall fatal prove—presumptuous as you are,

Know I will ne'er resign the beauteous fair.

Unless o'er-ruling fate my aim confounds,

I'll follow her to earth's most distant bounds." 370

This rude response awoke Orlando's rage—

Again he burns the Spaniard to engage.

“ The boon (he cries) I ask'd you to afford,

Another knight would readily accord ;

But well I know that sentiments refin'd 375

Possess no influence o'er a clownish mind ;

Yet do not vainly think I e'er shall cede

To you the vict'ry or the lovely maid :

Exert your vaunted courage, and prepare,

As thus you boldly speak, to greatly dare, 380

Nor let fond hope suggest th' event will prove

Propitious to your glory or your love.”

In direful combat now the warriors close,  
And threat'ning death attends their pow'ful blows ;  
With more than human efforts each displays      385  
A valour and a skill that wonder raise,  
While doubtful victory suspends her scales,  
And shifts the balance as each knight prevails.  
But lo ! a damsel on the field appears,  
Attended by a 'squire, advanc'd in years ;      390  
A snow-white mule she rode—a sable veil  
Her beauties screen'd from each injurious gale ;  
Aloud she mourn'd, and deeply plung'd in grief,  
In heartfelt sighs, and tears, found sad relief.—  
“ Ill destin'd as I am, (she sorrowing cried)      395  
Ah ! what avails to traverse countries wide ?  
No blest success—no cheering hope remains,  
To soothe my toils, or recompence my pains ;  
Alas ! no friendly voice my searches guide,  
Or tells me where Ferrau does now reside.”      400

She spoke—and casting round her weeping eyes,  
Beheld the Saracen, with strong surprize:—  
Such was her joy at this most welcome sight,  
She rush'd between the knights engag'd in fight,  
Unmindful of the perils she incurr'd, 405  
Or from their wrath, or from the trenchant sword.  
Although incensed, and obstinate to gain  
The field, the knights from violence now abstain,  
Lest should they still persist to urge their claim,  
They should destroy the too advent'rous dame. 410  
This pause she seiz'd, and, bending to the ground,  
Address'd Orlando, with respect profound.—  
“ Brave knight, (she cried) my invocation hear ;  
By her you love, Oh ! grant my humble pray'r—  
Cease with Ferrau to try your warlike force ; 415  
His duty calls him to another course—  
A family in woe his succours need ;—  
Ah, let the warrior hasten to their aid.

Should fortune ever grant a prosp'rous day,  
The gen'rous bounty grateful I'll repay." 420

Great minds to gen'rous deeds are strongly prone,  
And never was the brave Orlando known,  
With inattention cold, or frown severe,  
To meet the woe-struck suppliant's earnest pray'r.  
“ Fair dame, (he answers) ruthless were the heart  
That would not in thy sorrows take a part.— 426  
Though from Ferrau I may complain of wrong,  
I'll wave resentment, nor the fight prolong;  
And could he not the purpose well fulfil,  
This arm I'd offer to perform your will.” 430

The dame, this kind compassion to requite,  
Low bow'd—then thus address'd the Spanish knight :  
“ Son of a royal and illustrious pair,  
Marsilius and Lanfusa, lend an ear—

Attend, while I the various ills relate 435  
That threat with ruin thy paternal seat ;  
Nor waste on idle broils, in foreign lands,  
That prowess which thy country's weal demands.  
Since fortune has vouchsafed my course to guide,  
This dark disguise my form no more shall hide ; 440  
In me thy sister Flordepina view,  
And let my voice thy patriot zeal renew.  
From ocean's bosom a ferocious band  
Has sprung, to desolate our hapless land ;  
A potent king, Gradasso nam'd, is come, 445  
And leads a mighty force to seal our doom.  
Far distant orient realms confess his sway—  
And equal ire his fell attempts display  
'Gainst Saracens and Christians—all are foes  
Who would his dire ambitious schemes oppose. 450  
It seems as if to all his gods he swore,  
The European race should breathe no more.

Already various towns have fall'n a prey  
To wasting flames—innum'rous hordes belay  
Strong Barcelona's tow'rs—while sack'd and lost 455  
Is Saragossa by the barb'rous host.  
E'en as bleak wintry gales to storms increas'd,  
Sweep o'er the hills and lay the vallies waste,  
Wide o'er the provinces those spoilers spread,  
And captur'd all that had not fall'n or fled. 460  
But oh! my brother—if these tidings still  
You hear unmov'd—to bend your flinty will,  
A sharper woe I must, alas! disclose—  
Marsilius is a pris'ner to those foes,  
And Falsirones, in a dungeon's gloom, 465  
Now mourns with endless groans his wretched doom.  
This father, and this uncle, ever kind—  
Gradasso's fetters ignominious, bind.  
Those eyes have seen Marsilius bath'd in tears,  
While, desp'rate grown, he rent the silver hairs 470

From off that head which once a diadem wore,  
And wrung those hands which late a sceptre bore:  
Oh! what a dire reverse of fickle fate—  
The much belov'd, the gen'rous, and the great,  
From fortune's height precipitated low, 475  
A slave to lawless pow'r—o'erwhelm'd with woe—  
On thee he calls—" Oh! whither art thou flown,  
(He cries,) my valiant and beloved son?  
Return, Ferrau, and break my heavy chain;  
No victory more glorious can'st thou gain 480  
Than that which shall thy injur'd parent free;  
And doubly sweet I'll taste of liberty,  
If to my son the precious gift I owe,  
And see him conquer this our haughty foe."

Fair Flordepina here forbore to speak, 485  
And tears, fast streaming, stain'd her glowing cheek,

But virtue's tears, warm springing from the heart,  
Ne'er fail increas'd attractions to impart,  
E'en as the kind descending dew bestows  
A softer beauty on the blushing rose; 490  
And though emotion now her voice restrain'd,  
The strong impression of her words remain'd.

Ferrau, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and surprize,  
In spite of his habitual rugged guise,  
By nature's pow'rful movements taught to feel, 495  
Now melts with duteous love, and gen'rous zeal;  
At length his agitation he suppress,  
And thus the list'ning Paladin address:  
" Orlando, the sad incidents you've heard,  
The wrongs that overwhelm my sire rever'd, 500  
You well may think must kindle in my soul,  
Against Gradasso, rage beyond controul;



Hence must I part—and from my native coast  
Dislodge this bold invader and his host ;  
My father's call—his hapless subjects' cries, 505  
My eagerness to break the slavish ties  
That bind a much-lov'd land, all loudly claim  
My quick return.—My duty and my fame  
Forbid me further to pursue the fair,  
And summon me to a far diff'rent care. 510  
To you I cede the privilege I sought,  
For which, till death, I ardent would have fought :  
But fate forbids—and till some future day  
The issue of our strife I must delay.  
Pursue the dame—but pass your knightly word, 515  
That when occasion kindly shall afford  
A fav'ring hour, this cause you will resume,  
And war, till one is fairly overcome.—  
This grant—and I, in justice to your fame,  
Your courtesy and valour will proclaim." 520

Orlando, ever generous and brave,  
The promise thus entreated freely gave ;  
Elate in hope, that, now no hindrance stay'd,  
He might o'ertake the ever lovely maid.  
Ferrau and Flordepina took the road 525  
To where the Pyrenean mountains stood ;—  
Orlando, that Angelica had trac'd,  
And lucky turn'd his progress to the east,  
He Briigliadoro urg'd to fiery speed,  
But fortune did not lend a ready aid 530  
To this impatience.—Many a weary way  
He had to traverse—many a tedious day  
To pass—ere he Angelica should join,  
Or gaze on charms he held to be divine.

---

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

---

CANTO V.

---

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

RUMOUR of Gradasso's hostile purpose.—Speech and resolution of Charlemagne.—Rinaldo appointed to lead the forces.—Their junction with the Saracens.—Gradasso's troops invest Barcelona.—Gallant deed of Grandonio.—Battle between the Saracens and the allies.—Proposal of Gradasso to Rinaldo.—Cessation of the general action.

## CANTO V.

---

---

**BORNE** on the restless wing of busy fame,  
Alarms incessant from all quarters came ;  
And Rumour, with her thousand tongues, relates  
What legions had o'errun th' Iberian states.—  
Nor this alone—but told th' exulting boast           5  
Of fierce Gradasso, and his lawless host,  
To pass the high pil'd hills that awful rise,  
And veil their dusky summits in the skies ;  
Nor rest till Gaul his conqu'ring arms should gain,  
And its proud sov'reign swell his vassal train.       10

To foil those daring aims, and overthrow  
Th' ambitious projects of this active foe,

The monarch and the members of the state  
 In long and close deliberation sate ;  
 Deeply his soul the menac'd ills imprest, 15  
 And thus th' assembled chieftains he address :

“ My valiant friends, experience to the wise  
 A guidance in each exigence supplies ;  
 And when we see devouring fires consume  
 Our bord'ring realms, 'tis time to shun the doom.  
 What though a diff'rent faith Marsilius own, 21  
 The storm that shakes him, soon may reach our  
 throne.

Gradasso's boasts astound the gen'ral ear,  
 And what he thus conceives, he'll surely dare.  
 Then with the Saracens let Christians join 25  
 Their efforts, to defeat his bold design.—  
 Beats there a heart so void of honor's fire,  
 As not to bound, elated with desire,

In such a cause ?—Is any breast so chill,  
As coldly to endure a country's ill, 30  
Endear'd by native ties, and ev'ry claim  
By strong affection priz'd, and honest fame ?—  
No !—I behold the loyal feeling rise—  
Its ardour flashes from your conscious eyes—  
It urges—it inspirits—it inspires 35  
All that the service of the State requires.  
A band thus leagued, at sacred duty's call,  
Will bravely conquer, or will glorious fall.  
Join'd by one int'rest, by one spirit sway'd,  
Then let us hasten to Marsilius' aid.— 40  
Instead of waiting our proud foe's advance,  
Let us in distant fields abide the chance  
Of arms, and firmly make a noble stand,  
To save from spoilers our beloved land.  
In this career from cruelty forbear, 45  
And think that all mankind our brethren are.—

Though self defence unsheath'd the fatal blade,  
 Pity must mourn the havock it has made ;—  
 Be magnanimity our proudest boast,  
 And never be the sense of mercy lost. 50  
 Enroll'd in regions far beyond the spheres,  
 Where time his transitory sceptre rears,  
 When widely wasting fires shall worlds pervade,  
 And splendid suns grow dark, and systems fade,  
 Mercy shall live by Heav'n's august command, 55  
 And virtue nature's general wreck withstand."

Consenting plaudits through th' assembly ran—  
 Each chief extoll'd the monarch's daring plan,  
 To march his forces to Marsilius' aid—  
 And every hero burn'd to take the lead. 60  
 But on Rinaldo fell th' emperor's voice,  
 And public sanction ratified the choice ;



For none more oft upheld the country's weal,  
With well tried courage, and with duteous zeal.—  
One sole averse, amid th' applauding crowd,      65  
Repin'd in secret, while he meanly bow'd,  
Feign'd acquiescence—Ganes, who, fix'd as fate,  
Persisted in hereditary hate  
To Clarmont's noble house—his bosom, stung  
By ruthless envy, pangs unceasing wrung.—      70  
He deem'd superior wealth, and splendour vain,  
Entitled him to lead the martial train—  
But selfish natures vainly disapprove  
A merit all must own, and all must love.

Now from the splendid group, Rinaldo, led      75  
Before the throne, obedient bow'd his head,  
And, fill'd with joy, his promptitude declar'd  
To execute the orders he had heard.—

These vows receiv'd, the monarch thus exprest  
The gen'rous feelings that inspir'd his breast. 80

“ By fortune's malice, thro' some cause unknown,  
Orlando from the court and realm has gone.  
At such a time as this we ill can spare  
A soldier so distinguish'd—wont to dare  
Beyond the loftiest deeds of warriors fam'd:— 85  
But to supply his place, I thee have nam'd.  
With firm reliance I commit a care,  
To every loyal heart than life more dear,  
A people's int'rest, and a country's cause,  
Her welfare, her religion, and her laws. 90  
Think well how great the delegated pow'r  
On thee conferr'd in this momentous hour.—  
All, all were lost, should our dire foes prevail;  
Then haste those fierce barbarians to assail:

A nation's fate upon thy sword depends; 95

The safety of compatriots and of friends.—

O! 'tis a cause to nerve the feeble arm

Of palsied age, and greenest youth to warm.

How must it then enkindle deathless fires,

To animate the hero who aspires 100

To rush thro' glory's paths to virtue's aid,

And snatch a wreath which time can never fade."

Th' affecting plea sunk deep in ev'ry ear,

A plea, which all with utmost rev'rence hear.

New kindling ardour every heart confest; 105

But most it mov'd Rinaldo's gen'rous breast;

Yet fluent diction came not to his aid,

For words were not for such occasions made:

By actions heroes prove their feelings strong,

And leave professions to the timid throng. 110

The destin'd force—a well selected band,  
Rinaldo was appointed to command,  
Was soon array'd to take the hostile field—  
Contemning death—unknowing how to yield.  
Onward they mov'd—and many a noble knight 115  
(Intent to share the honors of the fight)  
With offer'd aid came forward to increase  
The chosen levies.—Here the eye may trace  
The youth, whose heart was smit with glory's charms,  
And valiant veterans, grey in hardy arms. 120  
With these, the Saracens, who, led from Spain  
By hope of conquest, join'd th' illustrious train,  
When late the jousts were held—return'd from far,  
To bear a part in a more needful war.  
The giant chief Grandonio, (he whose pride 125  
The potent Dane great Oger's might defied,  
Till taught to bow beneath Astolpho's force,  
He lost the honors of the listed course)

Cur'd of his wounds, now homeward bent his way,  
And Balugantes join'd the bright array. 130

With unremitting diligence the files  
Rush on—whilst ardour ev'ry toil beguiles :  
And now with rapid speed they pass the vale,  
And now the mountain's steep ascent they scale ;  
Till from its lofty brow the scene appear'd, 135  
Where furious war th' ensanguined standard rear'd,  
And scatter'd ruin with remorseless hand,  
Tearing each beauty from the ravag'd land.—  
For groves, black smould'ring pines now met the eye,  
(As heav'ns avenging bolts had fallen from high) 140  
Once tow'ring structures, architecture's boast,  
Were now but shapeless heaps, defaced and lost.—  
Nor lowing herd nor fleece-clad flock was seen—  
Nor tender herbage deck'd the trodden green.

Ceas'd was the shepherd's pipe—the lab'ring hind,  
In mute despair, his useful task resign'd,      146  
While, with dull silence, thro' the sadden'd grounds  
Pale Melancholy stalk'd her lonely rounds.

O! Peace—thou offspring of indulgent Heav'n,  
When first to man in mercy thou wert giv'n,      150  
Harmonious Pœans echoed o'er the earth,  
And smiling Nature hail'd thy happy birth;  
In fresher verdure ev'ry mead she dress'd,  
And flow'rs spontaneous glow'd upon her breast;  
The gentle train of sweet affections shone,      155  
And holy friendship's blessings wide were strown;  
Securely mortals dwelt in balmy ease,  
Rest crown'd the nights, and pleasure wing'd the days.  
But soon as Mars his fatal banner rear'd,  
Affrighted Happiness from earth was scar'd;      160

Mistaken Honor, to her endless shame,  
 Lent Violence the sanction of her name ;  
 Unfeeling thoughts, unpitying views arose,  
 And swell'd the catalogue of human woes ;  
 Sons warr'd with sires—with brothers, brothers strove,  
 Friendship was banished—and forgotten, love. 166

The legions now from snow-crown'd summits haste,  
 And ardent traverse quick the spreading waste,  
 To reach Girona—there the sole remains  
 Of great Marsilius' army he convenes. 170  
 Escap'd the chains he erst indignant bore,  
 He fled Cordova—and, with joy, once more  
 Rejoin'd his faithful troops—and, lo ! again  
 The fickle goddess Fortune, light and vain,  
 In smiles alluring drest her varying face, 175  
 And seem'd to view him with returning grace.

For not alone the bliss of freedom cheer'd  
His breast, but num'rous partizans appear'd  
In warlike guise—Morgante, pow'ful chief,  
And various heroes, came to his relief. 180  
To crown these blessings, Flordepina brought  
Ferrau, whom far her duteous zeal had sought.  
Join'd by his valiant son, his pride, his boast,  
Whose single arm the monarch deem'd an host,  
His hopes reviv'd—and when the gallant train 185  
Of brave Rinaldo reach'd th' adjacent plain,  
His exultation rose to rapt'rous height,  
And fill'd his soul with long estrang'd delight.

Gradasso's force, encamp'd in strong array,  
Before the walls of Barcelona lay. 190  
Vain were the plans devis'd by martial lore,  
Her tott'ring forts could bear assault no more.



Gaunt famine raged the natives' woes to fill,  
And pale despondence rose, enhancing ill.  
Sick of protracted hopes, and long delay, 195  
The strength of fortitude at length gave way,  
And sad deliberations now took place,  
Whether to die, or ask the leaguer's grace.  
The agonizing mother fain would wrest  
From death's strong grasp the infant at her breast ; 200  
The pow'r ne'er known to melt at human woe,  
Nor heeds her sighs, nor would his prey forego ;  
But though averse to mitigate or heal  
The wounds maternal bosoms keenly feel,  
A kind relief his cruelty supplies— 205  
He seals the infant's and the mother's eyes.  
'Mid the once happy, soft domestic train,  
The wish for life still lingers, spite of pain ;  
The tender wife entreats—the children raise  
Their harmless hands—the aged sire surveys, 210

With eyes imploring, the determin'd few  
 Who scorned to yield—such pleas must all subdue ;  
 For never yet was found the savage art,  
 To raze out nature's feelings from the heart.

But lo !—when ev'ry hope seem'd wholly crost, 215  
 And ev'ry prospect of assistance lost,  
 Grandonio, by o'er-ruling pow'rs inspir'd,  
 Brought that relief the exigence requir'd.—  
 Unweeting of an ambuscade, the foe  
 Secure in fancied safety, met the blow. 230  
 When o'er the skies descended gloomy night,  
 And no kind star effused a friendly light,  
 The Sericanean camp, Grandonio's band  
 Beset—the centinels made desp'rate stand,  
 But quickly overpower'd, gave no alarm 225  
 To spread the notice of this fatal harm.

Surpriz'd, whole ranks unconscious yield up breath,  
Scarce struggling to evade the stroke of death.  
Thus the grim wolf, with long pent fury bold,  
Destroys the guardian of the sleeping fold ;        230  
On unresisting victims tries his force,  
And slaughter widely marks his dreadful course.  
This quarter forced—with unabated haste,  
'Th' exulting victors to the ramparts past,  
And entrance found. The drooping sons of Spain  
Were cheer'd by sweet reviving hope again,        236  
And firmly 'gainst Gradasso they maintain'd  
The fortunate advantage they had gain'd.

This gallant action soon was widely told,  
And straight Marsilius all his force enroll'd        240  
To join th' allies—with hearts resolv'd they go,  
To end the war by one decisive blow.

The martial train in three divisions mov'd ;  
Rinaldo and his brothers well belov'd  
Led on the first—the second corps Ferrau, 245  
Whose untam'd spirit danger ne'er could awe,  
Commanded—with the ardent hero came  
Three chiefs, whose lofty deeds were nois'd by fame,  
Great Isolero—Matalista known  
In death strewn fields—and he whose valour shone 250  
With brightest lustre when severely tried,  
Brave Serpentino, long the legion's pride.  
The third large squadron of th' intrepid host,  
Their monarch for their leader proudly boast.  
Two other sov'reigns friendship had allied 255  
With good Marsilius warr'd upon his side—  
This Balugantes—that Morgaunte nam'd :  
And crowds to share the glorious danger claim'd.  
O'er many a panting height and winding vale  
They march'd with ensigs flutt'ring on the gale, 260

Or sparkling bright beneath the solar beam,  
That lit them onward to the path of fame.

Soon to their view the Sericanean pow'rs,  
And Barcelona's long contested tow'rs,  
Appear'd—but strongly posted they beheld 265  
The Pagan host, undaunted, and unquell'd,  
Whose outguards saw, with wonder, from afar  
Advancing, various nations leagued in war ;  
And having reconnoitred, quickly went  
To bear th' alarm to proud Gradasso's tent. 270  
True to the call of glory, prompt he rose  
To hurl destruction on th' advancing foes.  
Four tributary kings, who fill'd his train,  
He summon'd ; and gave orders to sustain  
The siege with one division of the band, 275  
While one more num'rous under his command

Should forward march, those levies to engage

Who dar'd to thwart his plans, or contest wage.

“ See that ere day decline, (he loudly cries,)

Yon tow'ring bastions fall, no more to rise: 280

Firmly assault—the ramparts boldly scale,

Till valour o'er resistance shall prevail.

But careful watch, amid the gen'ral strife,

To spare the Saracen Grandonio's life,

That caitiff, who pretends that he alone 285

Will foil my aims—on him be vengeance shewn.

Load him with chains, and plunge him far from light,

Deep in some dungeon's artificial night,

In noisome damps with reptiles let him dwell,

Nor comfort visit the forsaken cell. 290

Against my deep-mouth'd dogs the boastful knight

Shall strive hereafter in degrading fight ;

When routed, all those succours lately come

Shall feel my prowess, and receive their doom.”

Gradasso ceas'd—the vassal kings perform 295  
His dread command—disposing all to storm  
The hapless town.—Meanwhile the monarch leads  
His legions—nor fatigue nor danger heeds.  
The band divided in three columns mov'd,  
By chieftains headed, well in war approv'd ; 300  
And in the ranks gigantic figures strode,  
Tall as the pines that overtop the wood.  
Alfrete, distinguish'd 'mid the monstrous race,  
Whose arm sustain'd a pond'rous iron mace,  
And Orion, he who from the forest tore 305  
An heavy branch, the sole defence he bore ;  
These and innun'rous chiefs of equal might,  
Rush all impatient to commence the fight :  
Like ardour nerv'd th' allies, who us'd such haste,  
The separating distance soon was past :  
Near, and more near, the rival banners wave,  
The adverse trumpets answer'ing signals gave.

Lone Echo, starting from her rocky cell,  
Rends the calm air their dread approach to tell,  
And bears it to the waves that intervene 315  
To part Italia's blooming coast from Spain.  
Shouts, emulating shouts, increase the din,  
The battle joins, th' heroic deeds begin—  
Fell Atropos, and her dire sisters, here  
All busied in their fatal tasks appear. 320  
With rapid step, the meagre form of Death  
Tremendous stalks o'er graves that yawn beneath,  
And shakes his icy dart.—Stern fiends prevail,  
And redolent of carnage snuff the gale.  
Rinaldo's arm, in that most trying hour, 325  
Evinc'd an almost super-human power.  
Wide thro' the field, Ferrau's ensanguin'd course  
Was mark'd by acts of wonder-raising force ;  
E'en as on Ganges' banks the tyger falls  
On grazing herds, and ev'ry heart appalls, 330



While tenfold light'ning flashes from his eyes,  
And some poor victim at each movement dies.  
Alfrete he slew—and thro' the Pagan train  
Spread havoc; but his toils were spent in vain;  
For fortune, never yet a steady friend, 335  
His triumph brought to a degrading end.  
Opprest by numbers—destitute of aid—  
His rage derided, and his hopes betray'd,  
The hero, tied, in proof of hate and scorn,  
A pris'ner to Gradasso's camp is borne. 340

Wide rag'd the dreadful fight, redoubled ire  
Marsilius and the Saracens inspire.  
Wild with resentment for their hero's ill,  
Insatiate vengeance all their bosoms fill.  
The Sericans with ardour met the charge, 345  
And havock, unrestricted, reign'd at large.

As when the radiant sun, thro' boundless space,  
Propels the fiery comet's fearful race,  
The multitude with wonder view its course,  
So ev'ry gazer mark'd the rapid force 350  
With which Rinaldo thunder'd o'er the plain,  
And render'd all opposing efforts vain.  
Gradasso saw the knight the squadrons lead,  
Borne by Bayardo, that unequal'd steed,  
Whose fame had lur'd him from his regal seat, 355  
The various hazards of the war to meet.  
Pleas'd he beheld a hero's deeds, which shone  
With splendor, emulative of his own,  
Nor was his lofty soul by envy mov'd,  
For valour even in a foe he lov'd.  
Like admiration fill'd Rinaldo's breast,  
When on th' allies the daring monarch prest,  
And with his single arm spread such dismay,  
As balanc'd long the fortune of the day.

In dread encounter oft the warriors meet, 365  
As now the troops advance, and now retreat,  
But separating crowds between them still  
Rush headlong—frustrating their ardent will  
To prove each others might—at length they join  
In combat close as suits their great design. 370  
Bellona's self, from great Olympus' height,  
Well pleas'd might view their bold and skilful fight:  
They charge—they clash—they struggle to obtain  
The wreath of victory, but strive in vain ;  
For though 'gainst all assaults Gradasso's mail 375  
Was proof, and well his prowess might prevail,  
With such celerity Rinaldo mov'd,  
Such wond'rous energy his efforts prov'd,  
That each, exulting, triumph'd in his turn,  
And yet by neither was the laurel worn. 380  
At length to Clarmont's hope success inclin'd—  
Success as transient as the passing wind—

For while Gradasso stoop'd beneath his might,  
A fell distressful object rush'd on sight.

The youthful Richardetto he beheld, 385

Borne by puissant Orion—wholly quell'd.

What heart fraternal such an ill could bear,

Or own, in such an hour, a diff'rent care!

He parts Gradasso—quits th' unfinished fight,

And hastens to the rescue of the knight; 390

From the huge monster's gripe redeem'd his prey,

And left him wounded execrating day.

This deed achieved, the hero starts away,

To mingle in the wild tumultuous fray;

Knights, men, and steeds bestrew'd th' encumber'd

ground, 395

And congregated spears gleam'd widely round;

Triumphant shouts, and cries of sad despair,

With dissonance astounding rent the air;

Whilst, at each pause, the hollow groan of death  
Proclaim'd the vanquish'd soldiers' parting breath. 400  
Hemm'd in, and struggling with innum'rous foes,  
As dangers magnified, his spirit rose:  
His lofty deeds—his force, which all subdued,  
With wonder and applause Gradasso view'd,  
And made a courteous signal to invite 405  
To peaceful conference th' intrepid knight.  
With confidence, disdain'g doubt or dread,  
The Paladin the monarch's sign obey'd,  
Who thus in gracious words his purpose drest,  
The gen'rous impulse of a noble breast. 410  
“ Illustrious chief, whose acts of high emprise,  
And gallant feats strike all beholder's eyes,  
The adamant'ne register of time  
No record bears of valour more sublime.  
Yet lo! thy potent arm thou wield'st in vain, 415  
Encompass'd round by a determin'd train,

Thou can'st not hope to gain th' unequal field,  
And must or die, or instant learn to yield.  
But no advantages success can give,  
Will I on terms ungenerous receive ; 420  
Ne'er be it told that basely I opprest  
A foe o'erpower'd, or warr'd on the distress.  
'The voice of honor bids that I alone  
Shall conquer—and impels me to disown  
All adventitious aid.—Th' unfinish'd fight 425  
Shall cease—and soon as morning's rising light  
The skies illumine, on some distant mead,  
Some spot where human footsteps seldom tread,  
In knightly guise, with hearts resolv'd, we'll meet ;  
Nor want we witnesses to view the feat ; 430  
One trial will adjust the rival claim,  
To rank the highest in the roll of fame.  
Mark—though my troops shall this concession yield,  
I'll never cede the honors of the field ;

No dastard motive moves my just desires, 435  
No sanguinary thirst my wish inspires ;  
An anxious hope to foil thy far fam'd force,  
And win that glorious prize, thy matchless horse,  
Incites the challenge—should the chance be thine,  
And fate to thee the victor's palm assign, 440  
I'll yield the spoils and captives of my war,  
And from this scene remove my forces far ;  
The flames of discord shall for ever cease,  
And Saracens and Christians taste of peace,  
Whilst I review my native Eastern shore, 445  
And never seek the realms of Europe more.

Rinaldo heard, with rising joy and pride,  
And thus with meet respect the knight replied :

“ Great king, whose magnanimity of soul,  
No selfish consid'rations can controul, 450

Whose courage and address were ne'er surpast,

Whose lofty fame to latest time shall last ;

The combat you propose, an honor brings,

Superior to the smiles of other kings ;

This proof of estimation you bestow 455

Enkindles in my breast an ardent glow

Of gratitude—and in the listed course

Should I be worsted by thy mighty force,

Yet deathless glory must attend my fall,

O'ercome by him alone who conquers all. 460

With glad assent your royal will I meet,

Save but that part proposing a retreat,

My fame forbids—though singly thus I stand,

Environ'd by a fierce determin'd band,

I ne'er can meanly condescend to owe 465

My safety to the grace you would bestow.

No ! though the whole assembled force increase

The number of assailants—ne'er shall cease



My efforts to resist.—My hopes shall still  
 Keep equal pace with my unvarying will 470  
 To try the chances which my arms afford,  
 And hew a passage with my trusty sword.”  
 “ Courageous son of an intrepid sire,  
 (Great Amon) much your spirit I admire,  
 (The king replied,) but be for once resign'd 475  
 The noble dictates of thy soaring mind :  
 Reserving for the combat we propose  
 A valour lavish'd ill on other foes—  
 Force undiminish'd, and unwearied hands,  
 Strife such as that we mean to hold demands ; 480  
 Then scorning ev'ry meaner care, prepare  
 The perils of more dang'rous war to dare.—  
 Two leagues from hence there winds a lonely strand,  
 Where we the wish'd retirement may command ;  
 On one side, rocks conceal this close retreat, 485  
 On t'other, sullen waves incessant beat ;

There will I wait, at thy appointed hour,  
To meet defeat, or to evince my pow'r ;  
If conquest crown me, I thy steed obtain,  
But should my arm for once contend in vain, 490  
The terms I mention'd shall most strictly bind,  
And you my word inviolable find."

Rinaldo bow'd assent this wish to meet,  
While the king gave the signal for retreat.  
Th' astonish'd warriors start—suspended stand 495  
Their swords—and much they mourn'd the dread  
command,

Reluctant to forego what toil attain'd,  
Or wave the conquest they had nearly gain'd.  
But strict obedience govern'd ev'ry breast,  
That virtue of a soldier, first and best, 500  
The factious voice of discontent was still,  
And all conform'd to their great leader's will.

Meanwhile Rinaldo with his force retir'd,  
And gain'd their camp.—Marsilius still was fir'd  
With rage for his lost son—but forc'd to yield 505  
To this new turn of fortune, left the field.





---

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

---

CANTO VI.

---

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

RETURN of Angelica to Cathay.—Grief of Galaphron.—Angelica visits and releases Malagigi, who goes in quest of Rinaldo.—Rinaldo rejects the advice of Malagigi.—They quarrel.—Malagigi departs in displeasure.—Wonderful adventure of Rinaldo.

## CANTO VI.

---

---

**R**ESUME once more, oh! muse, a dearer care,  
The progress of Angelica the fair.  
Wing'd with the speed of fear, her flight she made,  
And reach'd in safety a sequester'd shade.  
Still had she fled, did not kind mem'ry bring 5  
To mind the virtues of Galaphron's ring;  
In these confiding, she her speed forbore,  
And grateful blest enchantment's wondrous lore.  
Reflection now resum'd its turn to reign,  
And told that all her cherish'd hopes were vain. 10  
Distress'd—deserted—cheerless and forlorn,  
At once the prey of wretchedness and scorn,

Her reason took a more decided part,  
And check'd each weaker impulse of her heart ;  
Much she desir'd to leave this hated shore,                   15  
And ne'er behold the stern Rinaldo more.

Five ling'ring days she spent in this lone seat,  
Her lov'd Argalia still in hope to meet ;  
But when the shadowy train of pensive night  
Six times had fled before returning light,                   20  
And he appear'd not—terror shook her soul,  
And her presaging mind conceiv'd the whole.  
“ Too sure he lives not, (she, despairing, cried,)  
Else would he not forsake his sister's side ;  
Oh ! brother—ever friendly—ever dear—                   25  
Am I bereft of thee by fate severe ?  
Who now shall in my sorrows bear a part,  
Or soothe the pangs that rive my breaking heart ?



Now may th' unfeeling world my ills despise,  
The arm that would protect me pow'rless lies. 30  
By violence pursued—of wrongs the prey,  
Forlorn Angelica is doom'd to stray,  
While all thy lofty valour could not save  
Worth such as thine, from an untimely grave.'

With falt'ring hand she turn'd the volume o'er,  
Which late th' enchanter Malagigi bore. 36  
Instant the dusky sprights around her gleam,  
Thick as the atoms in the solar beam;  
In their own hideous shapes the train appear,  
And taint with vapours gross the ambient air. 40  
The maid th' ascent survey'd with pale dismay,  
And horror, such as rose that fatal day  
When shudd'ring nature, and affrighted earth,  
Beheld of sin and death the monstrous birth.

She saw with deeply agitated soul, 45  
The grisly spectres bow to her controul ;  
Argalia's death they to her ear unfold,  
Confirming all that boding fancy told.  
Fain would she disbelieve what they impart,  
For ling'ring hope still nestled in her heart. 50  
Illusive hope !—the wretch's treach'rous guest,  
Which sheds its transient sunshine on the breast,  
And shews each object in a brighter light,  
To deepen disappointment's coming night.  
Now reft of ev'ry barrier 'gainst despair, 55  
Her shrieks the Dryades from their pastimes scare ;  
The dew-ey'd nymphs that tend the chrystal flood,  
Hear her sad accents ecchoing through the wood ;  
Nor ceas'd she agonizing to deplore,  
Till her exhausted tears could flow no more. 60

And now the sprites obedient bear away  
 The mourner to her native realm Cathay.  
 Surpriz'd, Galaphron, from his regal seat,  
 Beheld his daughter kneeling at his feet;—  
 Portentous omen—she returns alone— 65  
 She brings not back the hope of China's throne.  
 Aghast the father wrings his hands, and cries,  
 “ Argalia's form revisits not these eyes,  
 And ah ! too plainly in thy looks pourtray'd,  
 I read the dreadful cause.”—The weeping maid 70  
 What she had learnt, and what beheld, reveal'd—  
 Galaphron, in his robe, his face conceal'd,  
 And hid his heartfelt anguish close from sight,  
 Abjuring comfort, and detesting light.

At length the wish of rend'ring rev'rence due 75  
 To the lost prince, those pangs of grief subdue

Which else were endless.—Thro' the sorrowing land,  
The utmost pomp that greatness could command,  
Or loyal hearts bestow, was widely spread,  
To pay meet rites to the lamented dead. 80

Alas! how vain!—When ceas'd this earthly strife,  
And clos'd the evanescent day of life,  
The soul, far borne from this terrestrial sphere,  
Nor worldly splendor needs, nor human care ;  
No mortal sighs can pierce the awful gloom 85  
That wraps the silent tenant of the tomb.

While solemn thus, the white rob'd mourners move,  
And plaintive strains evince a nation's love,  
Far, far remote their hapless object lies,  
And died without a friend to close his eyes. 90

While with those ills the suff'ring fair one strove,  
Ceas'd was th' influence of insidious love—

From sorrow quick the pow'r fantastic flies ;  
 He lives in zephyrs, but in tempests dies.  
 But soon the tyrant re-assum'd his reign, 95  
 And forc'd her captiv'd heart to feel his chain ;  
 The present objects from her view recede,  
 And to the westward still the lovely maid  
 With unavailing sorrow bent her eyes,  
 And loaded ev'ry passing gale with sighs : 100  
 " Ye pow'rs ! (she cries) is there no happy art,  
 To rescue from such wretchedness my heart ?  
 Though distance parts, and seas between us flow,  
 Perversely fancy strays in quest of woe.  
 With cruel skill, she paints th' ingrate to view, 105  
 And bids the tear of anguish gush anew.  
 Again I feel th' inflicted wounds of scorn—  
 Again I sigh insulted and forlorn.  
 From wisdom's lore the soul may learn to bear  
 The cares of life, and fortune's frown severe, 110

But where shall we a lenient med'cine find,  
To cure those ills deep seated in the mind?—  
Should I to magic secrets have recourse,  
Alas! how pow'rless were their boasted force—  
Though lit by pale-eyed Cynthia's silver light, 115  
I rove in search of herbs the live-long night,  
Or watch when sultry Syvius rules the skies,  
To snatch the fav'ring moment of his rise,  
And force the trembling wood nymphs to betray  
Their votive care, and yield the spelful spray; 120  
The harsh rent tendrils I in vain may tear,  
And mutter sounds affrighting to the air,  
Nor witching plants, nor constellated charms,  
Could free my deep rack'd bosom from alarms;  
And, lost Medea, plain thy fate may prove 125  
That magic soothes not hate, nor conquers love."

Thus vengeful love redeem'd the transient hour  
In which, by grief expell'd, he wav'd his pow'r,

And in Cathay Angelica obtain'd  
Still less repose than she in Ardenne gain'd— 130  
As the poor stricken deer, who wanders wide,  
And bears the arrow rankling in his side,  
Augments his pain—so to the hapless fair,  
Increasing distance gave increase of care.  
At length a sudden recollection brought 135  
The French enchanter to her lab'ring thought,  
And once again she sought, by magic lore,  
His name, and his condition to explore—  
The ever ready sprites obey'd her call,  
Imparting that the knight she held in thrall 140  
Was Malagigi, Agrismonte's pride,  
And near to Clarmont's noble house allied.  
I hope seiz'd this slender hold—still prone to rear  
Her structures on the unsubstantial air,  
And whisper'd soft, “ This pris'ner might reveal 145  
That future destiny the fates conceal.”

With strong compassion too her soul was mov'd  
 For the hard bondage Malagigi prov'd.  
 Thus love and pity in accord agree,  
 To bid the captive taste of liberty. 550

Lost to the world, the Paladin remain'd,  
 Like sad Prometheus, to a rock enchain'd,  
 And discontent, excluding hope or rest,  
 Gnaw'd, a perpetual vulture at his breast.  
 With him the solitary hours mov'd slow, 155  
 While recollection aggravated woe:  
 Great were the present mis'ries he endur'd,  
 And threat'ning clouds each future view obscur'd—  
 Reflection on strong feelings oft bestows  
 (When wrought too high) pre-eminence in woes; 160  
 Wide through the range of time the busy mind  
 Expatiates, by no boundaries confin'd,



With pow'rful hand unlocking all the cells,  
Where, lull'd to transient slumber, mem'ry dwells,  
And bids her tell of happiness destroy'd, 165  
And call up long lost joys to fill the void  
Misfortune has laid waste—with barb'rous art,  
By contrast to enhance affliction's smart.  
Or should remembrance these inflictions cease,  
Imagination, prone to banish peace, 170  
With restless vigilance and prying eyes,  
The evils future time may bring describes.  
Thus, e'en though fate dispense no real ill,  
Too anxious mortals are unhappy still :  
In safety doubtful, and in joy unblest, 175  
Vain fancy breaks contentment's balmy rest.  
But such was Malagigi's hapless state,  
That reason lent her sanction to create  
Sad apprehensions, double every blow,  
And speed him swiftly to the shades below. 180

Whilst wrapt in sadness Malagigi stood,  
And pensive listen'd to the surge swoln flood,  
Amaz'd, he saw the dame, in air afar,  
Move rapid, like some bright erratic star ;  
Still, as the dazzling vision gain'd on sight, 185  
A nearer view gave birth to new delight :  
Each wonder-working trait—each forceful charm—  
That erst suspended his avengeful arm,  
When to his aid his better genius came,  
And sav'd him from a recreant's hateful name, 190  
He recogniz'd—and, 'mid surrounding woes,  
Auspicious flatt'ring presages arose ;  
His nighted soul a dawning hope confest,  
And livelier spirits flutter'd in his breast.

The gen'rous mind no tardy grant confers.— 195

And soon as lighted on the strand appears

Angelica.—Her gracious visage shews  
 The coming good her kindly boon bestows.  
 “ Oh ! thou, of noble race, (she gently said)  
 I come to end thy pangs, and bring thee aid.      200  
 No more shall enmity our souls divide,  
 But friendship ev’ry future action guide.  
 Too long reclin’d on this cold flinty bed,  
 (The bleak winds howling round thy hapless head)  
 With horrors hast thou dwelt—thy cares are o’er,  
 And persecution shall return no more.      206  
 Lo ! by all potent spells I rend thy chain,  
 And give thee back to freedom once again.”

The Paladin, amazed, could scarcely find  
 Fit language to express his grateful mind.—      210  
 “ Oh, ever lovely maid ! (he cries) command  
 Some mighty service from this new-freed hand:

O! never shall that goodness be forgot,  
 That felt compassion for my rigid lot ;  
 Still, still shall sacred obligation bind 215  
 In fetters, never to be loos'd, my mind ;  
 From ills to guard thee, and chastise thy foes,  
 Is the prevailing wish my bosom knows."

With downcast look the maid replied, " I trace  
 My greatest ill from Clarmont's haughty race ; 220  
 For ne'er my wretched heart affliction prov'd,  
 Till, forced by fate, I stern Rinaldo lov'd :  
 Ah ! think how truly, when, forgetting pride,  
 I own a weakness which I ought to hide."—  
 Low sunk her falt'ring voice, and, ill suppress, 225  
 Tears forced their way, and spoke her tortur'd breast.

" Oh ! enviable lot ! (the knight exclaims)  
 How little of this bliss Rinaldo dreams !

Permit that I depart, and instant bear  
The glorious tidings to his raptur'd ear ;                    230  
And let the pleasing task of serving thee  
Be the first use I make of liberty.”—

“ Thy friendship, thy disinterested zeal,  
(The maid replied) with gratitude I feel,  
And will requite.—The wond’rous book I bear,  
Again I will surrender to your care.—  
Restor’d to all that power whose loss you mourn,  
No more the mocking fiends your rule shall scorn.”

Thus spoke Angelica.—The knight, o’erjoy’d,  
The utmost force of eloquence employ’d                    240  
His thanks to pay,—and willingly he swore  
He ne’er would give his grateful efforts o’er,  
Nor nought his firm fix’d purpose should restrain,  
To bring Rinaldo to her view again.

Confiding in these vows, she now restor'd 245  
Th' enchanter's book, which quickly he explor'd,  
And summon'd up his demons.—Some convey'd  
Back to Galaphron's court the royal maid,  
While to transport the knight, a larger band  
Wide to the air their dusky plumes expand. 250  
Such was the speed with which the legion flew,  
That China's level land was lost to view,  
And, by the earliest glimpse of morning's light,  
The Pyrenean mountains rose to sight.  
In the long flight the busy sprites reveal'd 255  
The incidents which had remain'd conceal'd  
From Malagigi in his captiv'd state,  
And all Gradasso's wars they told elate;  
For, foes to man, the envious train still find  
Delight, when mis'ry falls on human kind. 260  
While thus the fiends of warlike darings speak,  
Shame's glowing tint suffus'd th' enchanter's cheek.

Anon his pallid hue disclos'd a rage,  
No charm could soothe, no remedy assuage ;  
For deeply painful to his conscious heart 265  
Was the conviction that his horrid art  
Had led him far from glory's path to stray,  
And miss to share in many an arduous day.—  
The sprites discern'd the workings in his breast,  
And, fraught with malice keen, the subject prest ; 270  
But guilt could never yet be brought to bear  
What innocence can meet without a fear ;  
And fierce in wrath th' indignant knight arose,  
Imposing silence on his envious foes.

Fatigued, o'ertoil'd throughout an hard-fought  
day, 576

Repos'd within his tent Rinaldo lay ;  
But soon from slumber rous'd, his opening eyes  
Beheld his long lost kinsman with surprise.

Instant he rose, and in kind words express  
 The innate feelings of his joyful breast.— 280  
 Quick interrupting, Malagigi told  
 The purpose he was eager to unfold.—  
 “ Fav’rite of Fate, (he cried) prepare thine heart  
 To bear the bliss I’ve hasten’d to impart :—  
 An unexpected joy, by far more great 285  
 Than hope or flatt’ring fancy can create.—  
 Ambition could not covet, fate bestow,  
 More good than you to bounteous fortune owe.”

Rinaldo heard attentive ;—in his face  
 The feelings of his mind the eye might trace ; 290  
 Incertitude and hope by turns employ  
 His thought—and fancy sketches promis’d joy.  
 “ Speak on, (he cried) thy tidings quick convey,  
 Nor agitate my mind with long delay !



Say, what felicity does Heav'n impart,                    295  
That moves such pleasure in thy friendly heart?"

“ What I'll divulge (the knight returns) will prove  
Thee much by fortune favour'd—much by love—  
For thee, those pow'rs, too oft divided, join,  
And all their best and choicest gifts are thine.            300  
Know then the fair—delight of ev'ry eye,  
For whom unnumber'd monarchs vainly sigh:  
Know, in a word, Angelica, bright dame,  
For thee acknowledges a tender flame.”

“ And who is this Angelica, (replied                    305  
Rinaldo); say, where does the fair reside?  
Is she of Saracen or Pagan race?  
Or to what distant country does she trace  
Her origin?”——“ From royal race she springs,  
The long illustrious line of China's kings.—            310

This lovely nymph, the heiress of a throne,  
(Cried Malagigi) must to thee be known ;  
Thou can'st not, sure, forget the festive day,  
When all the Paladins, in grand display,  
Assembled, ere the jousts th' Emperor held, 315  
A stranger came, of beauty unexcell'd,  
Who, in that ever memorable hour,  
'Taught ev'ry gazer's heart to own her pow'r."

“ And is it she ? (the knight disdainful cries)  
Is this the happiness—the wond'rous prize ?— 320  
No joy to me her partial folly gives ;  
My heart averse, with cold neglect receives  
Such idle fondness—force me not to hear  
A plea the most disgustful to my ear.”

Th' enchanter heard, and star'd with wond'ring eyes,  
And scarce found words to tell his strong surprize.

“ Shall I (he cried) unwilling credence give  
To sounds so strange—or do my ears deceive?

What wild caprice of fancy can erase

Thy admiration of a mien and face 330

Fair as the nymphs that range Idalia's grove,

And graceful as the beauteous queen of love?—

If grandeur or ambition charms impart,

Or merit hold an influence in thy heart,

Her's the distinction of superior birth, 335

Her's the far better claim of innate worth.—

Search o'er the earth, and you can never find

A form so lovely, such a perfect mind.

But, e'en if charms like those successful prove,

Let friendship still thy stubborn bosom move. 240

Know, that should my negotiation fail,

And this reluctance 'gainst my words prevail,

On me a dreadful punishment will fall,

Of cruel bondage doom'd the hopeless thrall;

And to a frightful prison back convey'd,                    345  
 To dwell, remov'd from comfort and from aid ;  
 For honor's laws immutable ordain  
 To keep my promise, or resume my chain."

Deep in despondence plung'd, Rinaldo sigh'd,  
 And thus in melancholy guise replied—                    350  
 " The ruling fates my struggling mind controul,  
 And some strange cause unknown compels my soul  
 To hold this maid in unrelenting hate :—  
 Contempt—disdain—disgust for words too great,  
 The mention of her name alone inspires,                    355  
 Nor can I e'er accord to thy desires.—  
 Yet deem not falsely of the deepfelt part  
 My ever constant and unalter'd heart  
 Takes in thy ills.—Name any other course  
 By which I may evince my friendship's force :                    360

Place me where Niger rolls his long-drawn tide,  
 The alligator's fierce attack t'abide ;  
 Or deep in lonely Nubia's sun-scorch'd groves,  
 Where lurks the pard, and the hyena roves ;  
 Let me unarm'd their savage fury dare, 365  
 And see what perils I'll undaunted bear ;  
 Or bid me climb thro' trackless heaps of snow,  
 To where th' imprison'd fires of Etna glow,  
 And hear the cyclops ply their dreadful trade,  
 And see the forky brands for thunders made, 370  
 Unshrinking will I tread the treach'rous ground,  
 Though streams of burning lava gush around."

" Shame on th' attachment whose unsteady fires  
 Burn dim, when friendship useful aid requires,  
 And blazing bright, when ev'ry prospect smiles, 375  
 With needless offer'd warmth the heart beguiles,

(The knight replied). Can such ignoble art

Find harbour in a once ingenuous heart ?

And is it thus affection you repay,

Oft exercis'd thro' many a trying day ? 380

Are all your vows of amity forgot ?

And no compassion felt for that sad lot

Your hard unkindness forces me to bear ?—

The weight of chains, and rendings of despair.”

“ In pity give these fruitless pleadings o'er, 385

And urge impossibilities no more,

(Rinaldo cries) ; no eloquence can sway

My stedfast mind your dictates to obey.

Like the tough oak that rears its lofty form,

Unyielding to the fury of the storm, 390

In opposition firm, it will not bend,

Else would I listen to my chosen friend.

But sooner may the surly winter bring  
The fruits of autumn and the flow'rs of spring ;  
The mountain stream flow backward to its source,  
Or the bright planets leave their stated course, 396  
Than admiration can inspire the breast  
Which indurated scorn has once possest ;  
Or any pow'r shall teach the loathing soul  
The feelings of aversion to controul. 400  
Far other cares I now prepare to prove,  
Than such fantastic ones as spring from love :  
His train of idle hopes, and causeless fears,  
Aw'd by approaching glory, disappears ;  
Gradasso's night this day I mean to try, 405  
And I or triumph must or bravely die."

Increasing ire th' Enchanter's bosom swell'd,  
Nor patience longer strong emotion quell'd ;

Quick from his eyes the flash tremendous broke,  
And thus, in accents harsh, his rage he spoke : 410  
“ Since kindred’s ties, nor friendship’s sacred bands,  
Shall never more unite our adverse hands,  
Dread that resentment which you’ve dar’d to scorn,  
And mourn laps’d grace that never shall return.  
Callous in nature—insolent in soul— 415  
Soon shalt thou learn to bend to strong controul ;  
The ardent workings of thy mind I know,  
And those resolves that in thy bosom glow ;  
And amply am I arm’d with means to wound  
Thy tow’ring pride, and all thy schemes confound ;  
Nor shall I, weakly hesitating, cease 421  
To crush a wretch, of friendship the disgrace.”

Rinaldo rose, with equal rage inspir’d,  
To punish insults which his bosom fir’d.



But Malagigi's form was lost to sight, 425  
Borne by the viewless sons of Stygian night—  
Fleet and impetuous as the stormy wind,  
That vanishes, nor leaves a trace behind,  
Or changeful clouds that melt before the eye,  
Deceitful tenants of a summer sky. 430

While anger and amaze Rinaldo sway'd,  
Lo! Malagigi reach'd a gloomy shade,  
Where he his conjurations might pursue,  
Screen'd from obtrusive eyes, or casual view.  
By fell resentment prompted, loud he calls, 435  
In accents that the sinking heart appalls;  
And still submissive to the dire demand,  
Falsette and Draguinese before him stand.  
“Falsette, (he cried) a diff'rent shape put on,  
Nor show the form of foul Megœra's son. 440

Marsilius' herald seem—in that disguise  
Go seek the tent where proud Gradasso lies,  
And tell him, that at noontide's fervid hour,  
Rinaldo will await his mighty pow'r  
Upon th' appointed strand."—On ready wing 445  
Convey'd, the sprite soon stood before the king,  
Who gladly acquiesced, o'erjoy'd to find  
A danger suited to his tow'ring mind ;  
And on the seeming herald he bestow'd  
Rewards that from a royal bounty flow'd. 450

Soon as he issued from the monarch's tent,  
The wily spirit to Rinaldo went.  
Transform'd, he now a varied visage wears,  
And like Gradasso's chosen friend appears :  
His head a turban wraps in many a fold ; 455  
A Persian garment, richly fring'd with gold,

Descended to his feet;—large rings appear  
Depending ornamental from each ear,  
Set with Golconda's gems, which on the sight  
Effus'd bright beams of various tinted light;      460  
A truncheon grac'd his hand.—In this disguise  
He proudly stood before Rinaldo's eyes,  
And said, “ The Sericanean king for thee  
Awaits, upon a bank that skirts the sea,  
Where, by agreement, you are bound to meet,  
Unwitness'd, on a secret cause to treat.”      466

The Paladin, with strong displeasure, heard  
His proud antagonist had first appear'd  
Upon the destin'd ground; but curb'd his ire,  
And hasted to comply with the desire.      470  
He Richardetto summon'd to his sight,  
And briefly spoke of the intended fight.

“ Th’ important charge our monarch gave (he cried,)  
To thy entrusted care I now confide.  
Assume my station, with the full command, 475  
And, should I fall, lead home the warrior band,  
Nor mourn my fate—thus greatly life to end,  
Well pleas’d I’ll to an early grave descend.”

Sorrowing, the youthful knight the mandate heard,  
And “ Oh ! (he cried) my brother most rever’d, 480  
Ne’er may thy fall Gradasso’s annals grace,  
Already too triumphant o’er our race,  
Two sons of Clarmont, brave, alas ! in vain,  
In ignominious boudage drag his chain.”

“ To free our brothers from th’ oppressor’s hand,  
And from his ravage shield our native land, 486  
I haste, (Rinaldo cries) ; fulfil my trust,  
And still be loyal, valorous, and just.”

And now with rapid steps Bayardo bore  
The Paladin, and reach'd the destin'd shore.  
But, lo! no vaunting enemy was nigh, 491  
Nor any living object met the eye.  
Close by the bank a little bark was moor'd,  
'Mid scatter'd rocks, by cordage well secur'd ;  
The beating tide alone, with sullen sound, 495  
Broke the deep silence that prevail'd around.  
Rinaldo stopp'd, transfix'd in strong amaze,  
And turn'd to ev'ry point his ardent gaze ;  
His anxious mind conceiv'd that his delay  
Had piqued the king against a longer stay ; 500  
And much he fear'd this adverse work of fate  
Suspicious 'gainst his valour might create.  
While this conjecture rack'd his troubled breast,  
Gradasso's form advanc'd to view confest :  
His rich resplendent arms, his lucent shield, 505  
And golden circlet, glitter'd o'er the field :

And waving graceful in the breezy wind,  
 His snowy plumage flutter'd unconfin'd.  
 So well had Draguinesse assum'd his guise,  
 No doubt of his identity could rise. 510  
 Deceiv'd, Rinaldo onward rode to meet  
 The sprite, who, proudly rising in his seat,  
 Awaited his approach.—“ Behold, great King,  
 To keep my word I come, and with me bring  
 Bayardo, who, when we our arms have tried, 515  
 Shall be the victor's prize, (Rinaldo cried.)  
 Oft has he help'd to win the arduous field,  
 But now, by honor's sacred voice impell'd,  
 I cede this chance, and will on foot maintain  
 The strife.”—With lofty port, and mute disdain, 520  
 The demon from his phantom steed descends,  
 And action all expostulation ends.—  
 The first assault by Draguinesse was sped,  
 By which he feign'd to lop the warrior's head ;

But Amon's son his buckler interpos'd, 525

And with his foe in fiercer warfare clos'd.

Blows follow'd blows—with danger ardour grew,

And now they breathe, and now the fight renew.

At length, incens'd, upon the ample field

Rinaldo, raging, cast his pond'rous shield, 530

And with his sword the demon's helmet cleft,

Who seem'd of sight, of sense, and strength bereft ;

But soon reviving, turn'd his back to flee,

And quickly reach'd the border of the sea.

Rinaldo swift pursues—" Stay, stay, (he cries) 535

Bayardo ne'er will bear a knight who flies."

But Draguinese to his reproachful words

Nor answer makes, nor list'ning ear affords ;

But gain'd the bark, and headlong leapt on board.

Rinaldo follow'd, with uplifted sword : 540

The demon, feigning to avoid the blow,

Shifted from prow to poop—from poop to prow,

And having long provok'd the wearied knight,  
Vanish'd in empty air, and mock'd his sight.

A prodigy so strange, with strong surprise      545  
Inspir'd his mind—and in attentive guise  
He view'd the bark, in hope the cause to learn  
Of such inversion, but could none discern.  
While yet he gaz'd, new wonders met his eyes ;  
He saw the foamy waves around him rise.      550  
Amid the roaring deep the bark was tost,  
And ev'ry vestige of the shore was lost.

While far from land the hapless knight was borne,  
Without or hope, or prospect of return,  
He rais'd his melancholy looks to heav'n,      555  
And cried, “ Dread fate ! what crime of mine has  
    giv'n  
Offence so great, as to be thus chastis'd  
With punishment the keenest e'er devis'd ?



Alas!—my honour, dearer far than life,  
Is lost for ever in this ill starr'd strife. 560  
In vain th' event I seek to comprehend,  
Perplex'd reflection labours to no end ;  
No clue she finds to guide her to the source  
Of wonders, far surpassing nature's course.  
In some deceptious snare too surely caught, 565  
It was not Sericana's king I fought ;  
Some visionary form my eyes deceiv'd.—  
But will so strange a tale be e'er believ'd ?  
Ah ! no.—Perhaps while I the seas explore,  
The valiant monarch waits me on the shore ; 570  
My name will now become the Pagans' jest,  
And all the high priz'd fame I once possest,  
In sad exchange be turn'd to foul disgrace  
Indelible, which time can ne'er efface.—  
A seeming recreant I the army leave, 575  
And all my royal master's hopes deceive.—

Oh! had I in the battle yielded breath,  
And seal'd my glory by a noble death,  
How welcome were a lot so easy borne ;  
But now I die a mark for pointing scorn." 580

Thus mourn'd the wretched knight, but mourn'd  
in vain ;  
To the deaf winds, and the regardless main,  
His little bark expanded full her sail,  
To catch the breath of ev'ry passing gale,  
Whilst thro' the parted waves, with rapid force,  
She eastward steadily pursu'd her course. 586

---

---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

==

CANTO VII.

---

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

---

PROGRESS and perils of Orlando.—His engagement with a giant, placed by the King of Circassia to guard a pass.—Overcomes the sphinx—Defeats a cyclop.—Hears tidings of Angelica.—Arrives in the domain of Dragontine.—Tastes of her enchanted cup, and is disabled from pursuing his intended route.—Remains a prisoner in her castle.

## CANTO VII.

---

---

ÆONIAN maids, your flight celestial bend,  
To where Orlando's weary efforts tend,  
Far, far from duty's path, and honor's way,  
Led, spite of reason and remorse, to stray ;  
By pow'rs more strong than those of magic art— 5  
The ungovern'd passions of the human heart—  
A progress unremitting he pursued,  
To reach where Tanias pours a plenteous flood,  
And many a level tract irriguous laves,  
Before it mingles with the Euxine waves. 10  
No sweet diversity the landscape cheers,  
No pleasing trace of social life appears.  
Amid the fir-crown'd forests lynxes stray,  
And Calmuck hunters chase their nimble prey ;

Or the Kirgusian shepherds wander wide, 15  
Their flocks with needful pasture to provide ;  
Yet still the wond'rous pow'r of mighty love  
Impell'd the Paladin new toils to prove.  
The gales of morn—the mid-day sun—the dew  
Of fading eve, by turns he bore—nor knew 20  
Or rest or respite, e'en from Cynthia's rise,  
Till when she left the empire of the skies.—  
But all this long research was made in vain—  
Of the fair nymph no vestige could he gain ;  
None could the wish'd intelligence impart, 25  
Or guide him to the mistress of his heart.

Far in a lonely wild, at early day,  
As museful he pursued his pensive way,  
An aged man he suddenly beheld,  
With feeble step advancing o'er the field ; 30

Low bends the sire beneath the weight of years,  
 But more with sorrow laden he appears ;  
 His overflowing heart, by grief constrain'd,  
 Rose to his lips, and loudly he complain'd.

Orlando, who ne'er caught a sight of woe, 35  
 Without a wish kind solace to bestow,  
 Check'd Brigliadoro's rein, with ready hand,  
 The cause of this affliction to demand.  
 The mourner slowly rais'd his languid eyes,  
 And thus replied, with interrupting sighs— 40  
 What can a parent's heartfelt grief assuage,  
 Who sees the prop of his declining age,  
 His all of hope—the son he'd die to save,  
 Cut off from life, to moulder in the grave?—  
 This fatal morn—Oh ! would to ruling Heav'n, 45  
 It never to my wretched view was giv'n !

Supported by my son, I left my home,  
By evil genius prompted thus to roam  
To where, two leagues from hence, a rocky mound  
Erects its tow'ring head—environ'd round 50  
With a deep moat, o'er which a bridge is thrown,  
Clos'd with a gate of bright transparent stone ;  
Terrific flames at intervals appear,  
And fearful sounds assail the trembling ear.—  
We strove to pass unseen, and gain the road, 55  
But, lo ! a warrior, of the giant brood,  
Rush'd furiously to seize my duteous boy,  
And 'reft my with'ring heart of ev'ry joy !—  
Unhappy sire ! thy fate is far too hard—  
Robb'd of all good, yet from the tomb debarr'd :  
No tender son will smooth thy couch of death, 61  
No race of his will weep thy parting breath—  
Condemn'd alone to tread this vale of tears,  
And bear, unaided, life's last painful years."



Orlando weigh'd the grievance in his mind, 65

And once resolv'd, in accents kind rejoin'd,

“ Take comfort, sire, nor yield to weak despair ;

To bring thee back thy son, shall be my care.”

“ Alas ! Sir Knight, (the drooping father cried)

Should you a conflict such as this abide, 70

All pow'rful as you seem, an equal fate

With that which whelms my son must on you wait.”

“ In danger's rugged paths the laurels grow,

That grace the warrior's brow.—Though full they  
blow,

No tim'rous hand e'er pluck'd the glorious prize—

Who seeks for fame, all perils must despise.— 76

Then firmly trust, nor think my promise vain,

(The knight replied) to free thy son again.”

“ Too sure (the sire resum'd) my son no more

Exists, and all his earthly wrongs are o'er ; 80

Then, gen'rous as you are, your kindly aid  
Were unavailing—and by hope betray'd,  
You'd rush on death ; for should your wond'ring eyes  
Behold the monstrous giant's port and size,  
Each with'ring pow'r in wild amaze would start, 85  
And cold the life blood stagnate at your heart."

Orlando, smiling, heard the cautious sire,  
And courteous answer'd, " To your kind desire  
I cannot yield accordance, though I feel  
Most grateful for this proof of friendly zeal ; 90  
But bound by vow to succour the distress,  
I fly to follow duty's high behest.—  
My great profession suits but ill with fear,  
For warfare to a soldier's heart is dear.  
I ask thee not to bear an active part, 95  
Unfit to cope with hardships as thou art :

No partner shall with me in danger share—  
 Support thy sinking heart, and wait me here.  
 If not before th' ascending car of light,  
 With glowing axle reach meridian height, 100  
 I come victorious—then pursue thy way,  
 Nor in this dreary wild prolong thy stay.

As near the high-pil'd mound the warrior drew,  
 Incessant dazzling fires around him flew :  
 Forth from the rock the flashes seem'd to break, 105  
 Nor Hecla's top, nor Teneriffe's dread peak,  
 More formidable shew'd.—Yet dauntless still  
 He onward rush'd, his purpose to fulfil.  
 At length he reach'd the bridge ; and posted there  
 The giant stood—who, with audacious air, 110  
 Exclaim'd, “ Approach not—turn, ere yet you meet  
 Inevitable ruin and defeat.

Circassia's monarch to my guard assign'd  
This pass—nor shall the charge be e'er resign'd.  
'Mongst all who heretofore my might defied,      115  
Or all whom destiny shall hither guide,  
No foe was found, nor ever shall appear,  
Endued with force to foil my votive care.  
High on the summit of yon cliff, there stands  
A close recess, unform'd by mortal hands ;      120  
A direful sphinx there makes her dread abode,  
On whom the fates a wond'rous gift bestow'd  
Of answ'ring all that questioners propound,  
And each decision pertinent is found.  
In turn, the sphinx proposes her demands,      125  
Which none can solve—and by her vengeful hands  
Her failing victims seiz'd, and, hurl'd from high,  
At the rock's base in mangled fragments lie."

Orlando heard the giant's strange discourse,  
Unmov'd by threats, unaw'd by obvious force ;      130

“ I ask not with this boasted sphinx to speak,  
(He stern replied); my errand is to seek  
A youth, late reft from his unhappy sire,  
Whose liberty I at your hands require.”

“ Your tale (the giant cried) is boldly told;— 135  
The pris’ner you describe in bonds I hold;  
From my firm grasp ’twere difficult, I deem,  
To wrest a captive—but if you esteem  
Your arm sufficient, lo! I dare its might.”—  
The knight sprung forward, and commenc’d the fight.  
Hard was the strife—but fortune justly gave 141  
The vict’ry to the gen’rous and the brave.  
The furious monster, wounded and o’ercome,  
Fell on the field, and yielded to his doom,  
While great Orlando broke the captive’s chain, 145  
And prov’d his promise was not made in vain.

To th' aged mourner was the youth restor'd,  
By the strong arm of Brava's potent lord :  
But who could paint the rapture and surprise  
That warm'd the father's breast, and fill'd his eyes ?  
No words his grateful feelings can impart,           151  
Or speak th' emotions of his swelling heart.

    Their thanks receiv'd, the knight re-took the road  
To that dread spot where the volcano stood,  
To seek the sphinx, and force her to disclose           155  
Where dwelt the beauteous cause of all his woes ;  
That fair unknown, who led him thus to rove,  
The victim of an unregarded love ;  
While that great cause that erst engross'd his breast,  
No longer was remember'd or confest.           160  
No surly guard the passage now defends,  
And unmolested he his footsteps bends,

E'en to the rock's large base, though flames appear,  
And frequent sounds appalling din, his ear.—  
High 'mid the clouds it rear'd its head sublime 165  
Nor could he hope the dread ascent to climb ;  
For, smoothly polish'd on all sides, in vain  
Were all attempts its eminence to gain.—  
At length a darksome cavern he espied,  
Cut in the rock, and winding in its side 170  
Rude steps were hewn.—This path he quick essay'd,  
In hope it to the sphinx's haunt might lead :  
Fatigue, and ev'ry hardship, he disdain'd,  
And, spite of the obscurity that reign'd,  
Thro' toil and danger he emerg'd to light, 175  
And lo ! the monster stood reveal'd to sight.—  
“ Oh ! thou, (he cried) whose skill can all discern,  
To thee I come, my fair one's name to learn :  
Disclose, then, on what favour'd spot of earth  
She now sojourns—her country, and her birth.” 180

The sphinx, with horrid dissonance, replied,  
 “ In fam’d Albracca doth the fair reside ;  
 Cathay her native land,—The haughty dame  
 A princess is—Angelica her name.

But since I fully answer all you ask, 185  
 Prepare to undertake an equal task ;  
 And know, should you in just responses fail,  
 Nor arms shall save you, nor defensive mail ;  
 For headlong from this dizzy height I’ll cast  
 Your mangled form, to wither in the blast.” 190

And now a deep enigma she propos’d,  
 The most complex her malice e’er disclos’d.—  
 In vain the knight its dubious meaning sought,  
 And quick the sphinx discern’d his puzzled thought ;  
 Her shouts exultant fill’d the echoing air— 195  
 She spread her wings, and soar’d to overbear



Her victim—but his sword Durandin sped,  
 And while the monster flutter'd o'er his head,  
 He lopt one pinion. Obstinate the foe  
 Fought fierce, nor would her destin'd prey forego,  
 Till, weaken'd by repeated wounds, she fell,      201  
 And bade to light and life a long farewell.  
 Though hardly prest in this tremendous fight,  
 With arm untir'd, and heart elate, the knight  
 Precipitates the monster's huge remains      205  
 Down the steep rock, and soon the plain regains.

Ye energies of an immortal mind,  
 For greatest, wisest purposes design'd,  
 How are you wasted by unthinking man      209  
 In vain pursuits!—Wide from the gracious plan,  
 That bids those pow'rs, when rightly understood,  
 Conduce to private bliss, and gen'ral good.—

This ill-directed spirit still withheld  
The great Orlando from the glorious field,  
(Where ev'ry warrior, ev'ry patriot strove,        215  
By emulative deeds, his zeal to prove)  
In idle broils to seek the victor's crown,  
And leave to proud Gradasso high renown.

Pleas'd with the certainty of where to find  
The dame, whose beauty long enchain'd his mind,  
Again the knight urg'd Brigliadoro's course,        221  
Until a river, from a distant source,  
With interposing barrier stopp'd his way,  
And forc'd him, much reluctant, to delay.  
Black, rapid, and profound appear'd the tide,        225  
And strong it bubbled. Down on either side  
Steep banks ran shelving—none could try the ford;  
No boat along the lonely shore was moor'd.

Long, on the borders, with enquiring eyes,  
To find a passage heedfully he tries, 230  
And reach'd at length a bridge—but, lo ! the fates,  
To mar his hope, an obstacle creates.  
Another centinel, of monstrous size,  
In hollow sounds, with daring action cries,  
“ Presumptuous warrior, hold—nor further come.—  
Should you advance, you'll meet a fatal doom : 236  
Unhappy is the destiny that drove  
Your steps unweeting this dread wild to rove ;  
Know 'tis the bridge of death you fain would tread,  
And never yet has mortal, hither led, 240  
Found out a path by which he might return,  
Or 'scape the precincts of this awful bourn :  
A thousand various windings hither tend,  
And all those labyrinths in this passage end.  
Then fly this fated place—avoid the strife— 246  
E'en now you totter on the verge of life.”

“ Vain are these threats, (the knight replied, with  
scorn).

Though dangers, Gorgon form, may here sojourn,  
What dastard would prolong a worthless breath,  
Or stoop to infamy, to ward off death? 250  
If adverse stars my destiny controul,  
They cannot govern an exalted soul ;  
And I will pass, though worlds united rose  
In legions arm'd my purpose to oppose.”

“ Come on, infatuated slave of pride ! 555  
(The giant, springing forward, loudly cried)  
Since warning you despise, e'en rush on harm,  
And learn to dread the force of Zambard's arm.”  
Fierce fought the knight ; but scarce his force avails  
Against a foe, encased in serpents' scales, 260  
Whose hardness ever foil'd the trenchant blade,  
Till sharp Durandin some impression made.

The monster felt its edge—he foaming rag'd,  
 And, with his iron mace, he now engag'd  
 In closer warfare—but he strove in vain;      265  
 And vanquish'd, and despairing, fled amain.  
 Swift as the hawk its flying quarry views,  
 And cuts the yielding air, the knight pursues:  
 But soon his speed was check'd—the treach'rous  
     ground  
 Receded from his feet, and trembled round.—      270  
 He fell—some pow'r invisible restrains  
 His movements, and envelops him with chains.

In speechless wonder long Orlando lay,  
 Till, rous'd at length, his sad complaints made way  
 “ Base treachery ! (he sorrowing exclaim'd)      275  
 Well might this pass the bridge of death be nam'd,  
 Since prudence cannot guard, or valour save  
 From foul deceit the unsuspecting brave.—

In spite of all the force bestow'd by Heav'n,  
I perish here, to meagre famine driv'n ;— 280  
Too firmly am I snar'd, to hope redress—  
No welcome sounds my eager ear will bless ;  
No kindly aid can reach this dismal place,  
Where human form or footstep none can trace.—  
Than mine no harder lot was ever borne— 285  
I pine deserted, and I die forlorn.”

Three ling'ring days, uncheer'd and unsustain'd,  
Three sleepless nights, the Paladin remain'd,  
And seem'd at length just touching on that shore,  
From whence the traveller returns no more— 290  
When Heav'n his pious invocations heard,  
And to his eye, now waxing dim, appear'd  
A reverend hermit, on whose stooping head  
The snows of time were in profusion shed.—

Advancing slowly o'er the rugged field, 295

He reach'd the knight, and with amaze beheld

A warrior, of superior port and grace,

With fetters laden, in this dismal place.

In feeble voice, the knight the sage implor'd

To cut his chains—and pointed where his sword 300

Beside him lay.—With labour hard, and pain,

The sage the weapon lifted—but in vain—

His wither'd arm, of strength depriv'd by age,

Could strike no blow, the knight to disengage.—

“ My son, (he cried) no help does Heav'n supply ;

Then yield to fate, and unrepining die : 306

The present moment only is your own ;

A future ne'er may come, the former's flown ;

Then seize the fleeting boon, and bid it bear

A guiltless record to th' ethereal sphere :— 310

Errors abjur'd, by mercy are forgiv'n,

And angels waft repentant sighs to heav'n.”

“ It is not mine, alas ! (the knight rejoin’d)  
 To boast that stoic apathy of mind,  
 Which calmly views life’s last departing day,      315  
 And quits the world, without a wish to stay.—  
 Did I fall struggling ’gainst some mighty foe,  
 Well pleas’d I to the realms of death would go ;  
 But, undistinguished, thus betrayed to fall,  
 Of treach’ry and deceit the wretched thrall ;      320  
 I cannot to the heavy lot resign,  
 Unmurm’ring ; therefore aid my just design.”

“ How futile is the wish (the hermit cries)  
 To counteract the purpose of the skies :  
 That pow’r that gave us light and life, best knows  
 When to resume the favours he bestows ;      326  
 Nor length of days can added blessings bring—  
 Storms rack the winter, blights deform the spring ;



Nor any season gives us peace secure,  
By nature form'd to suffer and endure.  
Think not on thy devoted head alone 330  
Life's evils fall—each creature has its own.  
Of those that soar aloft, or creep below,  
None are exempted from the cup of woe ;  
But man is doom'd its bitter dregs to drain,  
And reach to endless bliss thro' transient pain. 335  
For me, hard ills my trembling steps pursue,  
Led from Armenia by a pious view :  
Three holy men, my brethren, with me came,  
To reach to Astracan our anxious aim ;  
But perils unforeseen our course belay, 340  
And in this frightful wild we lost our way.  
Unhappy error !—Far within you wood,  
A rav'ning savage makes his dread abode.—  
Of cyclop race—and practis'd still to seize  
On passengers, his hunger to appease : 345

My hapless brethren soon the wretch devour'd,  
And still insatiate, would have overpower'd  
This feeble frame, had not a rising scorn,  
In viewing one emaciate and forlorn  
As I appear'd, his baleful ire awoke, 350  
And down a steepy rock, with sudden stroke,  
He cast me headlong—but the rambling sprays  
My weight sustain'd, and still prolong'd my days.—  
Yet transient is the respite I obtain,  
For soon he'll sally from his den again.— 355  
Defend me !—hark !—the wood resounds his cries,  
And, lo ! his horrid visage scares my eyes.—  
Farewel—he comes—for instant death prepare,  
While for thy soul I breathe an ardent pray'r.”

The hermit disappear'd—and soon to sight 360  
The cyclop stood confest.—The fetter'd knight

He quick approach'd, and sought his chains to rend,  
But found his force unequal to that end :

With crooked claws the links he strove to tear,  
And gnash'd his teeth in anger and despair ; 365

Till, spying where Orlando's sword was laid,  
He snatch'd it, and unsheath'd the shining blade

Full on the knight descends the blow profound,  
And, lo ! the chain in fragments strew'd the ground !

Orlando, all unarm'd, with joy beheld 370

The iron mace that many a foe had quell'd,  
Which, in his haste to seize his destin'd prey,

The cyclop heedlessly had cast away ;

Swift sprang the Paladin a means to gain,  
By which he might the arduous war maintain ; 375

And now a fight unparallel'd began,  
Exceeding far the strife of man with man.

With equal ire, thro' diff'rent motives fraught,  
*This* to devour, and *that* to conquer sought.

Hard was the dire contention—but, at length, 380  
The cyclop fell, bereft of sense and strength ;  
No more to exercise his cruel might—  
For low he sank in everlasting night.

Although the victor's wreath Orlando gain'd,  
The conquest was not without pain obtain'd ; 385  
His visage, gor'd with many a wound, display'd  
The marks, the savage in his fury made ;  
And pinching famine's unrelenting throes  
Allow'd nor relaxation nor repose.  
In this distress, he sought his trusty steed, 390  
And left the luckless scene, with utmost speed,  
To reach some more frequented spot, and find  
The soothing aids deriv'd from human kind.—  
Near to the bridge a winding thicket lay,  
In which the Paladin pursued his way ; 395

But, near its entrance, melancholy cries  
Assail'd his ears, and seem'd from earth to rise.  
In careful search he cast his eyes around,  
And saw a pitfall hollow'd in the ground.—  
Deep in this dark recess the hermit lay, 400  
And mourn'd that helpless age prolong'd his stay  
Within the verge of those all dreaded bounds,  
Thro' which the cyclop took his daily rounds.—  
In the bleak season of declining life,  
Unfit to struggle, though expos'd to strife, 405  
Lew sunk his heart, oppress'd by various fears,  
And sorrow fill'd his fading eyes with tears.—  
The knight descended, and, with ready aid,  
'The hermit from his earthly bed convey'd ;  
But when he learn'd each cause of dread was o'er,  
And heard the cruel savage was no more, 411  
O'erwhelm'd, he tasted utmost joy's excess—  
Reliev'd at once from terror and distress.

The hermit now, upon the arid glade,  
His frugal fare before the warrior laid ; 415  
The father's scrip a scanty meal supplied,  
The passing streamlets beverage provide ;  
Refreshment simple—such as early time  
Oft witness'd when the world was in its prime, 420  
Ere sanguinary meals the board disgrac'd,  
Or flush'd intemp'rance crown'd the guilty feast.  
Thus needfully sustain'd, the knight address  
The hermit, and his grateful thanks exprest ;  
And Brigliadoro, fleetly as the wind, 425  
Soon left the desert region far behind.

The cheerful haunts of man Orlando gain'd,  
And to Circassia's farthest bounds attain'd ;  
Here journeying on, in meditative mood, 429  
He reach'd a plain ; where, opening to the road,

Three different routes appear'd.—He stopp'd, nor  
knew

Which passage was the one he should pursue.

While thus perplex'd, he rack'd his lab'ring thought,  
To his glad view propitious fortune brought

A courier, trav'ling on with utmost haste, 435

To reach the track thro' which he late had past.

With fair demeanor he enquir'd the way,

By which he with most speed might reach Cathay.

The courier check'd his rein, and answer'd—“ From  
That pow'rful kingdom am I hither come, 440

Sent by that princess whom the world admires,

To bear a mandate which dispatch requires.”

Struck with these sounds, the knight a moment stands

In raptur'd silence—then her name demands ;

Nor hesitates the courier to declare 445

His mistress is Angelica the fair ;

Of nature's works most lovely to the view,  
Whose charms are ever striking, ever new.

“ The warlike Agrican, whose sceptred sway,  
Th' extensive realms of Tartary obey, 450  
Enamour'd of the dame, her hand demands,  
(The courier cried) but she the plea withstands.  
The monarch, in resentment, has recourse  
To arms—and threatens he will seize by force  
Her hand reluctant.—To avoid this fate, 455  
She flies the object of her stedfast hate,  
And from Cathay is to Albracca gone—  
A city fortified, nor easy won.—  
A mighty force the Tartar warrior brings,  
To raze the fortress.—To the neighb'ring kings 460  
Galaphron sends, imploring speedy aid,  
To save the freedom of the royal maid ;



And quell the proud oppressor, who prepares

To execute what he audacious dares.—

While thus the tender sire's approving voice 465

Asserts the fair one's liberty of choice,

She to Gradasso, potent monarch, sends

To join the league, and foil th' aspiring ends

Of him, who, stranger to each winning art,

Would seize by violence an unwilling heart.— 470

And now, sir knight, no longer urge my stay ;

The gen'ral cause may suffer by delay."

He said—and spurr'd his mettled courser on,

And, like an arrow's flight, was instant gone.

The tale he told, within Orlando's breast 475

Strange conflicts rais'd—too great to be suppress.

Alternate rage and jealousy prevail'd—

A thousand anxious doubts his mind assail'd.—

Now fancy paints the Tartar Emp'ror's force—

Anon he dreads that this his tedious course 480

Might keep him from the seat of war, till fate

Should doom his succours to arrive too late :

Much too he marvell'd how the peerless maid

So rapidly to China was convey'd.—

Such wond'rous speed impossible appear'd ; 485

And fondly his imagination fear'd

The courier meant some other beauteous dame,

Than her whose charms his tortur'd heart inflame.

Returning certainty at length remov'd

This dread—suggesting that the maid he lov'd 490

So matchless beam'd—so eminently bright—

No other nymph could shine with mimic light.—

The sphinx's answer well with this agreed,

And apprehensions vain no more mislead.

By hope upheld—his ev'ry care subdued, 495

Again the knight his ardent course pursued ;

And thought the day too short to sped his flight,  
And trespass'd on the soft repose of night ;  
Till fortune brought him to a winding wood,  
Which, shelter'd by two lofty mountains, stood ;  
The pathway to a flowing river led, 500  
Near which a stately palace rear'd its head,  
The seat of Dragontine, deep vers'd in wiles,  
Whose draught Circæan, fatally beguiles.  
With haste to pass the bridge Orlando tried,  
But at its entrance he the dame espied, 505  
Who held a chrystal cup.—With gracious air,  
She told the knight, 'twas customary there  
To taste the waters offer'd by her hand,  
And hop'd he would not the behest withstand.  
The unsuspecting warrior, who esteem'd 510  
The lovely sex, the offer guileless deem'd ;  
Unhesitating he the tale believ'd,  
And from her treach'rous hand the cup receiv'd.

Of sense and mem'ry by the draught bereft,  
No traces of his former thoughts were left ;        515  
He knew not why nor how he reach'd this place ;  
His love—his loyalty—his name—his race—  
Were all forgotten,—and he chang'd his road,  
To gain the sorceress's dread abode.  
There all was grand, and pleasing to the sight ;    520  
It seem'd the seat of splendour and delight.  
An ample portico surmounts the gate ;  
Four sculptur'd amber columns bear its weight ;  
This entrance to a garden led, more fair  
Than Ida's grove, or Tempe's valley are ;        525  
Eternal spring shed odours lavish round,  
And ceaseless zephyrs drest the verdant ground.  
Struck with th' enchanting beauties of the place,  
The knight his steed forsakes, more near to trace  
Th' attractive objects.—With delight he stray'd    530  
Thro' the sweet mazes of the flow'ry mead,

And reach'd the structure, (long at distance seen)  
Of snow-white marble form'd, and liveliest green.  
He enter'd unoppos'd—nor voice—nor sound—  
Nor trace of human habitant, he found ;           535  
But pictur'd forms glow'd bright, to charm the view,  
Beauteous as Zcuxis or Apelles drew,  
And figures, wild as haunt poetic streams,  
Or float incongruous in the sick man's dreams.  
One tablet most conspicuous he survey'd,           540  
Where Circe's strange enchantments were portray'd ;  
Around the nymph her alter'd victims stand,  
Deform'd—abased—by her all potent wand ;  
Some to voracious animals seem'd turn'd,           544  
And some, to birds transform'd, the folly mourn'd  
Of tasting her dread cup.—Although this sight  
Might shew the dangers that belay'd the knight,  
The draught he drank had ev'ry fear destroy'd,  
And render'd salutary caution void :

Unheeding what was past, or what to come, 550

Inactive he submitted to his doom :

The valiant deeds of arms forgot and o'er,

And fair Angelica belov'd no more.—

Oh ! foul enchantment ! thus to heap disgrace

On the great ruler of Anglante's race ; 555

The pride of chivalry, the boast of fame,

And cloud the lustre of his honor'd name.



---

THE  
EXPEDITION OF GRADASSO.

---

CANTO VIII.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

Disappointment of Gradasso.—Retreat of Charlemagne's troops.—Accord between the Sericans and the Saracens, who join to attack Charlemagne.—Charlemagne's sally, and defeat.—Gradasso's generous conduct and offer.—Agreement between him and Charlemagne.—Astolpho is chosen general by the people.—Objects to the treaty.—Defies and challenges Gradasso.—Conclusion.



## CANTO VIII.

---

---

YE nymphs of Pindus, seek the scene once more,  
Where wide encampments crown th' Iberian shore :  
From that where Sericana's hostile force  
Was posted, brave Gradasso shap'd his course,  
To gain the spot, the demon herald said,           5  
From whence Rinaldo late had been betray'd.  
The sun had scarcely reach'd his mid-day height,  
When fierce the monarch came, but met no knight.  
Impatience, ardour, and insulted pride,  
By turns within his haughty soul preside.           10  
But when the car of day declin'd to west,  
And evening's length'ning shadows stood confest,  
He left the field, convinc'd that coward fear  
Induc'd the Paladin to disappear,

Or that in mock'ry he defiance sent, 15

On most audacious disrespect intent.—

Inly he foam'd, and on the Christian race

Swore to avenge this insolent disgrace.

Throughout the whole of this eventful day,

Young Richardetto mourn'd the long delay 20

Rinaldo made—and many a glance he cast,

With tearful eyes, to trace the path he past.

Sad apprehensions speak the warrior dead,

Or pris'ner by the stern Gradasso led ;

And soon—confirming all these racking fears— 25

The steed Bayardo, stain'd with gore, appears :

Furious, through long delay, he broke the rein,

That bound him to a tree—and back again

Was hasting from that inauspicious place,

Where his lov'd master met such vile disgrace :

But while with whirlwind's speed he swept the plain,  
A strong detachment from the Pagan train  
By chance perceiv'd him. Eagerly they gaze,  
Surround his ev'ry path, and bar the ways.  
The noble courser scorns the num'rous force,      35  
That ineffectually impedes his course ;  
By his strong chest whole ranks are overborne,  
And slaughter'd heaps his dashing hoofs o'erturn ;  
His force tremendous nothing could oppose,  
And far behind he left his mangled foes.      40

Well in the camp the gen'rous steed was known,  
As unaccounted he return'd alone—  
Wild consternation spread thro' all the train,  
For all believ'd their valiant gen'ral slain.—  
In mute distress the pensive squadrons bend ;      45  
Each soldier mourn'd a father and a friend ;

For mildly had the just Rinaldo sway'd,  
And, with affection fraught, they glad obey'd.  
But Richardetto's grief surpass'd the rest ;  
No cheering hope arose to sooth his breast ;      50  
For sullied o'er with carnage stood the steed,  
Reeking with heat, and hanging down his head.  
Severe the wretchedness the heart must know,  
When private pangs are join'd to gen'ral woe.—  
Such was his lot—condemn'd at once to feel      55  
A brother's loss, and ruin'd public weal.—  
Amid the agitations of despair,  
He call'd to mind the charge he had in care,  
And quick assembled all the sorrowing host,  
(A remnant only, such the numbers lost      60  
In this ill-fated war) recounting o'er  
The orders of their leader, now no more.  
Quick thro' the camp the information ran,  
And all adopt the preconcerted plan ;—

Struck was each tent—and at the close of day, 65  
To Gallia back they bent their hasty way.

While cares like these fill'd Richardetto's mind,  
Marsilius all his flatt'ring views resign'd ;  
Ferrau and Serpentino, held in chains,  
No aid can give—Grandonio too remains 70  
In Barcelona pent.—Amid the host,  
No knight is found, of all he late could boast,  
In this dread exigence to take the lead,  
And bravely 'gainst the Sericans make head.  
Unthought-of ills the rising day disclose, 75  
To fill the measure of his heavy woes.—  
Forsaken by the Christian pow'rs, no more  
His troops could try the field—and hope was o'er.  
Thus hardly press'd, he sought Gradasso's tent,  
And, lowly humbled, to the Pagan bent ; 80

Recounting how his false allies betray'd  
His expectations—how withdrew their aid—  
And praying that henceforward strife should cease,  
And Sericans with Saracens make peace :  
So would he willingly agree to hold 85  
His realm in fief—to own himself enroll'd  
Gradasso's vassal ; and consent to bring  
His troops to aid the Sericanean king.  
Well pleas'd, Gradasso yielded—and with haste  
Marsilius' forces to th' encampment past, 90  
Where wide unfurl'd, and gorgeous to the eye,  
The Pagan standard proudly wav'd on high.—  
The foes, who opposition late respir'd,  
Were now with sentiments congenial fir'd ;  
The tedious siege of Barcelona ceas'd ; 95  
And, with the captiv'd Saracens, releas'd,  
Ferrau and Serpentino favour gain'd,  
And e'en Graudonio new-sprung grace obtain'd.

Th' united levies,\* ardent, now prepare  
 To further fields the conqu'ror's arms to bear : 100  
 And thus, while Richardetto's army cross'd  
 The Pyrenean pass, the dreadful host  
 Determin'd to pursue. Great Charles receiv'd  
 The trust surrender'd, and his tale believ'd :  
 Conjectures various fill'd the gen'ral mind ; 105  
 Some censur'd, while to candour some inclin'd.  
 But soon these thoughts were lost in homefelt woes,  
 For rumour's voice the threaten'd siege disclose,  
 And Charles took due precautions to defeat  
 The foes' intent, and guard his regal seat. 110  
 On ev'ry side, from ev'ry distant source,  
 With speed he calls together all his force,  
 To stand the bold attack—for valour ne'er,  
 Though overmatch'd, will yield to weak despair.

As when the fires, in earth's close bosom pent,  
 Contend with violence to obtain a vent ; 116

Æolus lulls to sleep each ruder breeze,  
 And zephyrs, only, gently fan the trees,  
 So a deceitful calm the storm precedes.—  
 But soon with force it bursts, with speed it spreads.  
 Afar the sedge-crown'd Naiads of the Seine,      121  
 With trembling awe, descried the Pagan train ;  
 The wretched habitants in terror fly,  
 And shrieks and lamentations rend the sky ;  
 While their stern foes all obstacles defied,      125  
 Diffusing mighty ruin far and wide.

Invested closely by the hostile bands,  
 The capital in utmost danger stands ;  
 And now, by valour urg'd, a desp'rate course  
 The monarch dar'd, and sallied with his force      130  
 Upon the foe—but ruling fate decreed  
 The effort which he made should not succeed.



Fierce was the struggle—many a warrior brave  
 Was sent that hour to an untimely grave ;  
 And Charlemagne, bereft of every aid,                   135  
 A captive by the Sericans is made.  
 What words can speak the horror and dismay,  
 Or paint the consternation, of that day ?  
 The churches fill'd with prostrate groupes appear,  
 And cries to heav'n for succour fill the ear.           140  
 With terror each the sun's declension eyes,  
 Yet dread the moment of his morning rise,  
 Lest he should light them on to deeper woes,  
 And scenes of growing miseries disclose.

Few were the Paladins that now remain'd.— 145

'Mongst those, Astolpho (in arrest detain'd  
 E'er since the time the tourney had been held)  
 Was deem'd most likely to regain the field :

All well remember'd his resistless lance  
Bore from the Saracens the victor's chance,           150  
And sorrow'd for his undeserv'd disgrace,  
Thro' machinations of Mayence's race.  
By Providence inspir'd, the knight they freed,  
Beseeching him in fight to take the lead:  
The gen'rous warrior much th' occasion griev'd,   155  
But with compliance the request receiv'd.

          Meanwhile bright fires throughout the camp arise,  
And strains of exultation mount the skies.  
The chieftains, and the new-made vassals, meet  
Encircled round their monarch's lofty seat.           160  
Before th' assembly Charlemagne was brought,  
With the surviving Paladins, who sought,  
By deeds of arms, their freedom to maintain,  
And fought with ardour, though they fought in vain.

The Serican low bent his plumed crest, 165  
 And thus the royal prisoner address ;  
 While varying passions ev'ry bosom fill,  
 And anxious all attend his mighty will :

“ Great prince, to you 'tis needless to impart  
 That love of glory warms each gen'rous heart ; 170  
 Nor is he fit o'er others to command,  
 Whose courage cannot animate the band.  
 For me, amid the pleasures of a court,  
 My days had glided on in festive sport,  
 But fir'd with emulation of the brave, 175  
 I scorn'd the boons fantastic fortune gave,  
 And, bent thro' toils, to snatch the wreath of fame,  
 From Orient climes I to your Europe came.  
 No conquer'd kingdoms do I seek, content  
 With Asiatic realms of vast extent : 180

The Sun, who, thron'd on high, emits his rays,  
 To light the earth, no sway more wide surveys ;  
 Unnumber'd tribes with zeal obey my call,  
 In garb, in hue, in language, diff'ring all.—  
 My sole desire is, that the world should own      185  
 No monarch 'gainst my will can hold his throne,  
 Or foil my potent might.—Your alter'd state  
 This truth confirms—though great among the great,  
 By dauntless hearts, and pow'rful arms upheld,  
 You feel my force, and mourn the vanquish'd field.  
 Think not I mean to aggravate your woes,      191  
 Whilst fully thus my motives I disclose.—  
 The truly brave the coward meanness scorn  
 Of off'ring insult to a foe o'erborne.—  
 Now hear the ordinance that I decree—      195  
 I end your sorrows, and pronounce you free ;  
 Your captur'd kingdom I restore again,  
 And bid you live, and unmolested reign ;

Between us warfare shall henceforward cease,  
 And friendship rivet close the bond of peace.      200  
 Yet three conditions at your royal hand,  
 I, in return for this accord, demand.—  
 The remnant of this day with me remain,  
 And to the capital dispatch a train,  
 To bring Bayardo, henceforth to be mine.      205  
 Next promise, when Orlando shall rejoin  
 The Paladins, his famous sword to send  
 To Sericane—so shall my labours end.—  
 I also ask, that he, the recreant knight,  
 Who broke his word, and basely shunn'd the fight,  
 Rinaldo, should be bound, on his return,      211  
 In tenfold chains, and to my presence borne.”

The monarch's feelings scarce could be controll'd,  
 While thus the Serican his purpose told :

Reliev'd from slavery's degrading yoke, 215  
 In grateful guise his raptur'd heart he spoke ;  
 To the conditions nam'd he gave accord,  
 And yielded up the knight, the steed, and sword.

To Paris, ere th' eventful day was o'er,  
 Th' imperial mandate Anselm gladly bore. 220  
 From that vindictive and malignant race,  
 Protected by the monarch's partial grace,  
 Lords of Mayence, the haughty Anselm sprung,  
 All prone to do the brave Rinaldo wrong.—  
 The shameful orders to Astolpho borne, 225  
 Unhesitating he rejects with scorn ;  
 And (spurning his injustice who would give  
 Another's right, or his who would receive)  
 Anselm a base impostor he proclaim'd,  
 Who wrong'd his country and his king defam'd. 230

Heartfelt acclaims this bold decision hail'd,  
And indignation o'er dismay prevail'd:  
To free their monarch all would take the field,  
But none to terms so base would deign to yield.  
His voice Astolpho rais'd—the croud obey,       235  
And tumult loud, in murmurs died away.—  
He bade them to his care entrust their cause,  
Nor doubt he would adhere to honor's laws.  
Prompt credence re-inspir'd the gen'ral breast,  
And all confiding, waited his behest.       240

Now, to retrieve the Christian honor bent,  
He to Gradasso a defiance sent;  
Asserting, on the faith of a true knight,  
The great Rinaldo ne'er was put to flight;  
And dar'd him forth his single force to try,       245  
To bravely win the steed, or, vanquish'd, die.

When to the camp Astolpho's herald brought  
A challenge, with imperious language fraught,  
Gradasso ask'd the lineage of the knight,  
His worth, and his ability in fight. 250

To these his requisitions, Ganes replied,  
" A boaster vain, whom all the court deride,  
Astolpho is—and should you deign to meet  
His insolent defiance, in retreat  
He'll seek his safety—mindless of his word, 255  
Unworthy far of thy all-conqu'ring sword."

This base detraction Serpentino heard,  
And on the slander'd knight's behalf appear'd.—  
" Great king, (he cried) the strong respect I bear  
To sacred truth, compels me to declare, 260  
That brave Astolpho, heir of Otho's throne,  
A warrior is in deathful fields well known.



Late in the jousts the victor's wreath he gain'd,  
And from the Spanish knights the prize obtain'd.  
Grandonio's potent force he overcame, 265  
And stood conspicuous in the list of fame."

Now Isolero in the cause stood forth,  
And Matalista spoke Astolpho's worth.  
The King the gen'rous Saracens believ'd,  
Nor sway'd by error, nor by art deceiv'd, 270  
To yield to calumny's assertions strong  
His credence—or regard the sland'rer's tongue.  
The herald now he summon'd to his sight,  
And briefly said, " Go, tell the British knight,  
Soon as he wills I'll meet him in the field, 275  
Provided one concession he shall yield ;  
And to th' appointed scene of action lead  
The destin'd prize, the long-contested steed."

The herald from the presence now retir'd—  
 And proud Gradasso, by this insult fir'd,                    280  
 Declar'd the peace late granted wholly void,  
 By such infraction broken and destroy'd :  
 For should his prowess now the courser gain,  
 The former treaty could no more restrain.—  
 The late free'd monarch, who this challenge mourn'd,  
 Again to strict confinement was return'd ;                    286  
 Compell'd by adverse fortune to obey  
 The changeful influence of her varying day,  
 And feel how irksome is that lawless pow'r,  
 Which tyrants practise in their ruling hour.                    290

Now, at Gradasso's will, the listed field,  
 In pomp prepar'd, a glorious view reveal'd ;  
 There all the monarchs, all the warriors sate,  
 And all the guards, and vassals of the state,

Array'd in splendor dazzling to the sight, 295

Awaited the arrival of the knight.

High o'er Gradasso's tent his banner wove,

And standards captur'd in late action, prove

His all-subduing might.—His haughty mind

Predicts new glory—conquest unconfi'd. 300

The lark forsook his nest, and soaring high,

Hail'd the first blushing gleams that streak'd the sky,

When brave Astolpho, clad in glitt'ring mail,

Bayardo mounted—eager to assail

The Indian spoiler, and by forceful might 305

Assert his injur'd friend Rinaldo's right.

Argalia's wond'rous lance he bore in rest,

And to the Pagan camp with ardour prest.—

Arriv'd, he bid his shrilly horn resound,

And tell his coming to the echoes round. 310

With like alacrity Gradasso rose,

Intent those high pretensions to oppose.

The stately courser, pleas'd the king beheld,

And hastes to meet his foe upon the field.

“ Brave knight (he cried) however I may deem 315

Your challenge bold, your courage I esteem ;

In honor's laws you better vers'd appear,

Than he whose vindication brings you here.”

Astolpho to the monarch courteous bent,

And thus returning, utter'd his dissent :

“ Great king, not all the deference I feel

For what you urge, can triumph o'er my zeal

In friendship's cause, or evidence afford

That e'er Rinaldo forfeited his word.”

“ Yet (cried Gradasso) when to me he sent 325

Defiance, to th' appointed field I went,

And waited his approach from noon till night,  
While recreant and abas'd he shunn'd the fight."

“ Ne'er could his noble and courageous heart  
(The knight replied) from honor so depart.— 330  
If thus he seem'd to fail, some pow'rful cause  
Forbade him to fulfil the combat's laws ;  
No cold vicissitude can intervene  
In dauntless bosoms.—Still infix'd remain  
Those principles and feelings which inspire 335  
Great deeds, and feed the hero's deathless fire ;—  
But now—as you the warrior's steed demand,  
I've brought him here, and with determin'd hand  
Will guard his freedom 'gainst the haughty claim,  
And lose existence or defeat your aim.” 340

“ The compact I accept, (the king rejoin'd)  
Convinc'd that honor's dictates rule your mind.—

If fate to me the vict'ry shall assign,  
 Bayardo henceforth must be only mine ;  
 But should my arms be worsted in the field,           345  
 Name your conditions, and assent I'll yield."

“ If the distinguish'd fortune should be mine  
 To overcome puissance great as thine,  
 (The prince return'd) my first and dearest aim  
 Is to redeem my friend's much injur'd name           350  
 From obloquy—the fame he long possesset,  
 Till you dissented—must be full confest ;  
 And all the list'ning world be call'd to hear  
 Rinaldo is above reproach or fear.  
 Next, to the emp'ror and his suite restore           355  
 Their freedom, and depart from Europe's shore ;  
 To your own Orient realms return again,  
 And bid your people bless a peaceful reign."

The king accorded—and, without delay,  
What courage dictates, gladly they obey. 360  
The Pagan's pond'rous lance, and solid shield,  
Oft prov'd by trials in the hostile field,  
Would soon, he deem'd, decide the arduous strife,  
And rob the knight of conquest and of life.  
Borne by Alfane, he dar'd the listed course, 365  
(Inferior to Bayardo far in force)  
But soon hard fortune check'd his bold advance—  
The wonted pow'rs of lost Argalia's lance  
His aims defeated—foil'd his blows profound, 369  
And hurl'd him headlong foaming to the ground.  
Lux'd was the arm that late his shield sustain'd,  
And hopeless—pow'rless—vanquish'd—he remain'd.  
His train, astounded, the event beheld.—  
His unexpected failure in the field,  
Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and dismay; 375  
And all lamented the disastrous day.

The season of adversity we find  
Brings a true test to prove the noble mind.—  
E'en as when mists arise, the sun's strong ray  
Breaks thro' the cloud, to pour a brighter day,  
The great Gradasso an example gave,  
That fortune ne'er can overcome the brave: 380  
No murmurs weak—no dull despondence shew'd  
Mean discontent—his dauntless bosom glow'd  
With all the ardent, all the gen'rous fire,  
That bids the hero ceaselessly aspire.—  
Though chance invidious thus his wish had crost,  
And much he sorrow'd for Bayardo lost, 286  
No sordid subterfuge inspir'd his breast,  
But his defeat with candour he confest.  
The monarch and the captives he releas'd,  
And to Iberia mov'd with utmost haste; 390  
Impatient once again to gain his fleet,  
From Europe's shores for ever to retreat.



The downcast Saracens the lead obey—  
 Partake the wayward fate, and yield the day.  
 Quick thro' the land the joyful sounds are borne,  
 That tell Astolpho's triumph and return. 396  
 This great event, so held in sad despair,  
 Cheer'd ev'ry heart, and banish'd ev'ry care.—  
 The blest deliv'rance was by all confest ;  
 Each clasp'd a brother to his raptur'd breast, 409  
 And clasp'd a freeman.—While Gradasso's host,  
 On the high swelling waves, was tempest tost,  
 And all their tow'ring hopes for ever o'er,  
 Whom Trevigant and Mahomet adore,  
 Conspicuous rear'd, in wide effulgence beam'd 405  
 'The glorious ensign of a world redeem'd.  
 That far-fam'd weapon struck the signal blow,  
 Which magic malice forg'd to overthrow  
 The gen'rous heroes.—Oft 'tis Heaven's high will,  
 To bring forth real good from seeming ill : 410

And thus the Pagan cause was lost by arms,  
 Their means unmeet prepar'd for direful harms.—  
 The mitred prelates bow the knee in praise ;  
 The lawn-rob'd choirs exultant anthems raise ;  
 The cloister'd sisters' hymns are heard on high, 415  
 And clouds of fragrant incense climb the sky ;  
 Aspiring fires with radiance gild the night,  
 And the wide waters beam reflected light.  
 Amid this joy, with gratitude each heart  
 O'erflow'd—and ev'ry voice the high desert 420  
 Of brave Astolpho spoke, whose gen'rous deed  
 The foe had conquer'd, and the nation freed,  
 And taught the Pagan boaster, human might  
 Is weak, and vain, in Providence's sight ;  
 Which still upholds Religion's sacred laws, 425  
 And nerves the arm that wars in Virtue's cause.

The gen'rous and the brave can only know  
 The feelings that inspire and ardent glow

In breasts heroic—that high bliss they find,  
 Who benefits confer on human kind— 430  
 Those feelings which reward, which over pay,  
 The anxious, watchful night, the toilsome day,  
 The thoughtful vigilance, the hard-fought strife,  
 That chequer still the soldier's arduous life—  
 Such were Astolpho's.—Enviably meed, 435  
 For glory's genuine sons by fate decreed,  
 Which wills, that wealth or pow'r shall never find  
 Such joy as fills the self-approving mind.

To greet the prince, in long drawn pomp appear  
 Those chiefs who courage and who worth revere. 440  
 Th' applauding people in processions join,  
 And loudly urge their just and fix'd design,  
 With tribute due, such service to requite,  
 And crown with laurels the victorious knight.

The monarch and the Paladins entreat 445  
His stay, with deference and ardour meet ;  
But he—resolv'd a diff'rent course to go,  
Rejects the high rewards they would bestow.—  
Beyond all views but those of lofty fame,  
And ever true to friendship's sacred claim, 450  
He spoke the wish that fill'd his gen'rous mind,  
Rinaldo and Orlando brave to find ;  
And never know a day's inglorious rest,  
Till this, his aim, should with success be blest.

END OF THE SELECTION.

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S CONCLUSION.

---

---

FERRARA's ancient Bard!—thy lyre no more 455

Resounds heroic deeds, or magic lore.—

The Destiny, who cuts life's thread, is blind

Or to th' enlighten'd or the vulgar mind ;

And genius, highly gifted, has no pow'r

To sooth her rage, or stay the fatal hour. 460

Long ages since, thy tow'ring spirit fled,

And left thy dust immingled with the dead :

Th' unfinish'd lay that dwelt upon thy tongue

Remain'd, by meaner voices to be sung,

Till he—the bard—by kindred feelings fir'd, 465  
 The strain resum'd, and, raptur'd and inspir'd,  
 Swept the loud chords harmonious, to prolong  
 The witching wood-notes of thy varied song.  
 But, breaking from the icy bonds of death, 469  
 Which chill'd thy ardour, and abridg'd thy breath,  
 Thy genius still shall live—thy bays shall bloom ;  
 And Taste shall frequent point her vot'ry's tomb.  
 The earliest flow'rets genial spring shall shed,  
 By fairy hands, will o'er the spot be spread,  
 And oft in deep-wrapt Fancy's list'ning ear, 475  
 Soft dulcet symphonies, distinct and clear,  
 By shadowy minstrels pour'd, shall wake around,  
 While forms aerial tread the hallow'd ground.

But now, blest Nine, your visions fade away,  
 And all your gay creative views decay. 480

Dames, knights, and steeds, are vanish'd from the  
view:

Yet still vouchsafe your influence to renew.  
No more the song, to fabled tales confin'd,  
Delights the ear, but fails to reach the mind ;  
For real valour—real worth, succeed ; 485  
And ask a nobler strain—a higher meed.—  
But chief to Wellington devote your lays,  
And echo rescued Lusitania's praise,  
That scene of lofty deeds, where justly Fame  
Inscribes, in deathless characters, his name. 490

Ye British heroes ! who in battle fell,  
And, ripe in glory, bade the world farewell—  
O ! early lost !—to love, to friendship, dear—  
We mourn th' exalted lot, we must revere—

For you, victorious laurels we entwine ;                    495  
 The patriots' and the warriors' meed combine ;  
 Yet, while our breasts with admiration glow,  
 We steep in tears the off'rings we bestow.—  
 To hail your high desert the muse aspires,  
 And fain would pay the tribute it requires ;                    500  
 But weak her utmost pow'rs. Your matchless worth  
 Transcends the heartfelt praise it has call'd forth :  
 Your country's annals shall your merits save,  
 And grateful mem'ry triumph o'er the grave.

O, Britain!—brightest gem on Ocean's breast,  
 Thy gen'rous sons, with ardour unrepst,                    511  
 Have ever stemm'd oppression's lawless force—  
 Of injur'd nations still the sure resource—  
 Still shall thy efforts, thro' succeeding time,  
 Evince the feeling soul, the thought sublime—                    515



Still flourish great in commerce, arms, and arts,  
Upheld by gallant hands, and loyal hearts,  
To claim the boon which Heav'n auspicious gave,  
And rule triumphant on the briny wave.





# NOTES.

---

## CANTO I.

Line 25.—“ *Wrested in Aspramont by Brava’s knight.*”

Orlando is recognized by a variety of titles, both by Bojardo and Ariosto. We find him at different times styled Lord of Brava—Count d’Angers—Prince of Anglante, &c. &c.

Line 168.—“ *Whose plain appearance suited his estate.*”

This can only be comparatively stated with the great opulence, and splendid guise, of Ganes of Poitiers, who, with all the house of Mayence, were the inveterate enemies of the house of Clarmont. It cannot be supposed, that even a younger son of the illustrious Amon, the potent Lord of Montalbano, could make a despicable or indigent appearance; especially as that son was a hero distinguished by his prowess—highly favored by his king, and beloved by his countrymen.

Line 210.—“ *Four giants, richly clad, advancing come.*”

We find those tremendous personages very often introduced by the Italian poets—in whose works they appear to

be very active agents. An epic poem in that language has one of this overgrown species of warriors for its hero. Of this work a French writer gives the following account :

“ Le Morgante Maggiore (of Luigi Pulci) c'est un poeme in rima octave, de 28 chants, d'un goût original. L'auteur s'y est mis un dessus de regles non pas de dessein comme Vincent Gravini lui a fait l'honneur de la croire, mais parcequ'il les a entièrment ignorées.—Fort en repos du jugement de critiques, il a confondu les lieux et les tems, allié le comique aux serieux. Fait mourier burlesquement de la morsure d'un cancre marin au talon le géant son heros, et cela des le 20 livre—en sorte qu'il n'en est plus parle dans les huitte suivans, la naiveté de sa narration a couvert tous sa defauts.”

*Mons. de la Monnaye.*

Line 382.—“ *Was Malagigi, Agrismout's coheir.*”

Buova of Agrismont, allied to the house of Clarmont, was father of Vivian and Malagigi, two brave warriors, as also of an illegitimate son, named Aldiger—highly esteemed for his courage and good conduct,



## CANTO VII.

Line 377.—“ *And now a fight unparalleled began.*”

Le Sage enters minutely into the particulars of this combat between Orlando and the Cyclop, which the English translator thought it needless to do, from its sameness with the actions already detailed. Le Sage's version of the passage is as follows :

“ Quoique le Comte d'Angers ne pût être blessé il ne laissa pas de ressentir une extrême douleur de la pesanteur du coup, mais la joie de se voir délivré l'en consola. Il se releva légèrement achéva de se dégager de ses chaînes & se saisit du grand bâton ferré que le sauvage avoit appuyé contre un Cyprès pour prendre Durandel. Le géant fut assez surpris quand il vit que le chevalier s'avançoit sur lui pour le combattre ; il avoit compté qu'il se laisseroit emporter & manger aussi docilement que les hermites. Les voilà donc aux mains, chacun ayant les armes de son ennemi, le Paladin se pressa de porter le premier coup ; mais le cyclope qui avoit le même dessein rencontra le grand bâton ferré du tranchant de Durandal & le coupa par le milieu. La bonne Épée ne s'arrêta pas là ; elle descendit à plomb sur le casque de son maître & en rompit la visière & les courroies—le casque n'ayant plus de soutien tomba : le comte qui voyoit sa tête & son bras disarmés, s'élança sur le géant, le joignit, & s'attachant à son bras, s'efforça de lui arracher Durandal, l'anthropophage, au lieu

de se refuser aux approches du comte, s'y prêta ; il jeta même loin d' lui l'Épée pour mieux satisfaire sa faim devorante & porta avec avidité ses dents & ses Ongles sur la tête nue de Roland, toutes les parties du visage de cet invincible guerrier en furent meurtries, mais ces dents & ces griffes qui auroient Ecrase la hure d'un sanglier ne purent entrer dans une telle fée, quelque surpris que fût le cyclope de trouver tant de resistance dans une chair qu'il avoit jugée si delicate il ne perdoit cependant pas l'esperance de pouvoir enfin l'entamer par la force & par le tranchant de ses dents. Le chevalier qui suffroit beaucoup de se voir ainsi mordre le nez, les joues & les oreilles par un monstre dont l'halaine l'infectoit, mettoit tout en usage pour se délivrer d'un pareil supplice. Enfin son bonheur voulut qu'il se débarassat des griffes qui le pressoient, & rencontrant sous son pied un des dards du géant, il le ramassa pour s'en servir contre lui, il s'en servit en effet utilement ; car avant que le cyclope pût le rejoindre, il le lui lança dans son grand oeil, avec tant de force & de justesse qu'il lui perça le cerveau de part en part & le renversa mort sur le sable."

*Roland l'Amoureux, par le Sage,*  
*Liv. 1. p. 85.*

---

## CANTO VIII.

Line 450.—“*Remain'd by meaner voices to be sung.*”

This alludes to the additions made by Francisco Berni, and others.

Line 451.—“*Till he, the bard, by kindred feelings fir'd.*”

*Ariosto*, who continued the subject of the *Orlando Innamorata*, in his poem of the *Orlando Furioso*.







---

---

**A P P E N D I X.**

---

---



# APPENDIX.

---

---

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

*MATTEO MARIA BOJARDO,*

COUNT OF SCANDIANO,

Selected from an historical and critical Essay on the Revival of the  
Drama in Italy,

BY

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, M. R. I. A.

Honorary Member of the Societies of *Perth* and *Dublin*, and of the  
Academies of *Cortona*, *Rome*, and *Florence*.

---

---

**MATTEO** Maria Bojardo, Count of Scandiano, was born about the year 1434, in Fratta, according to Mazzachelli; but Barotti, and Tiraboschi, with more appearance of probability, suppose the event to have taken place in Scandiano, a fief of the house of Bojardo, whence Matteo Maria derived his title.— He was the son of Giovanni Bojardo and of Lucia Strozzi, sister of the celebrated Tito Vespasiano.—

Where he acquired the rudiments of his education does not appear; but we find that he was removed, at an early period of life, to the university of Ferrara, where he was placed under the immediate care of Socino Benzi. Here he enjoyed the instruction of Guarino Veronese in the Greek language, which he continued, during the remainder of his days, to cultivate with great ardour and success. Of his profound skill in that language, his translations from Lucian, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are existing monuments. In 1469, he was sent, with other nobility of the court of Borso, to meet the Emperor Frederick III., and conduct him to Ferrara, whither he was repairing to visit Borso, whom he had a few years before created Duke of Modena, out of gratitude for the hospitable and splendid reception he had experienced at his court. In 1471, he was again honorably distinguished by the amiable and munificent Borso. On receiving an invitation from Paul II. to repair to Rome, in order to receive, at the hands of his Holiness, the ducal crown of Ferrara, Borso added Bojardo to his train on this occasion. This train consisted of five hundred gentlemen, the chamberlains and pages of the court, one hundred menial servants, and one hundred and fifty mules. The train were clothed according to their degree, in brocade,

velvet, or fine cloth. The bells of the mules were of silver, and the dresses, liveries, and trappings covered with gold and silver embroidery. Having assisted at the pompous investiture, he returned from Rome in 1472, and retired to Scandiano, where he married Taddea Gonzaga, of the family of the Counts of Novellara. Borso dying soon after his investiture, he was succeeded by his nephew Ercole I., who inheriting the passion for letters which had so long distinguished the family of Este, invited Bojardo to his court, and honored him with the most flattering reception.—“ In the court of Duke Borso and his “ successor,” says Gibbon, “ Bojardo, Count of “ Scandiano, was respected as a noble, a soldier, “ and a scholar.” A treaty of marriage being set on foot between Ercole and Eleanora of Arragon, daughter of the King of Naples, Bojardo was nominated by the Duke to conduct his intended bride to Ferrara.—In the state paper which contains his appointment, he is called *Clarissimum et insignem virum*, by the Duke, who bestows on him, in the same paper, other epithets equally flattering. This gracious earnest of the Duke’s favour was followed by an appointment to the government of Reggio, from which he was removed to the more honorable and lucrative office of capitano of Modena ; but he did not long

enjoy this exalted situation. Addicted to pleasure, and devoted to his muse, he neglected the duties of his office, and merited, if he did not suffer, the displeasurè of his patron.

In 1492 he retired to Reggio, where he died, on the night of the 21st of December, in the castle of that city, a venerable edifice, within whose walls, about twenty years before, Ariosto had been born;— an event, which, by a secret and insensible operation on the mind of the Homer of Ferrara, might have irresistibly impelled him to the source whence the Orlando Furioso flowed. The “*Fonte onde poi é uscito il Furioso*” are the words of Gravini, speaking of the Orlando Innamorato. As the cause of Bojardo’s death is not mentioned by any of his biographers, fancy may attribute it to the shock which his exquisite sensibility received, on hearing that the French armies had entered Italy, and were spreading death and devastation before them. The effect which this intelligence had on his feelings, appears from the abrupt manner in which he breaks off a very interesting narrative in Lib. III. Canto 9, of his Orlando Innamorato :

Mentre ch’io canto gli amorosi detti,  
Di queste donne da l’inganno prese  
Sento di Francia riscaldarsi é petti,  
Per disturbar d’Italia il bel paese

Alte roine con rabbiosi effetti,  
Par che dimonstra il ciel col fiamme accese,  
E Marte irato, con l'orrida faccia  
Di quà, e di là, col ferro ne minaccia.

Having thus given vent to his feelings, and painted the horrors of the coming storm, he expresses a doubt of his ever resuming the interrupted tale—the pen drops from his hand—and, with the prophetic sigh which he breathed on closing the poem, his soul seems to have fled.

The remains of Bojardo were interred in Reggio; but not a stone tells where the original inventor of the Gothic epic lies: posterity, however, has been grateful to his memory, and he shares with his great continuator, Ariosto, the respect and admiration which the wonderful poem of that “heaven-born genius” imperiously demands. “The vigorous fancy of Bojardo,” says Gibbon, “first celebrated the loves and exploits of the Paladine Orlando; and his fame has at once been preserved and eclipsed by the brighter glories of the continuation of his work.” Before Ariosto took up the subject, a feeble attempt to complete Bojardo’s plan had been made by Niccolo degli Agostini.—It is hardly necessary to add, that the original work was newly versified, or rather travestied, by Francesco Berni. The period in which Bojardo began his epic

poem is not known—it was probably during the enjoyment of the dignified ease for which he was indebted to Ercole I.—According to Barotti, it was sung, canto by canto, in the court of that prince, whose hospitable board realized the “feast of reason and the flow of soul.”—It was thus Tigellius, at the table of Augustus, chanted to the accompaniment of his Tetrachord. The model which Bojardo followed, is thought to have been the metrical romance of the Bards of Provence; but Gravini refers the origin of the poem to a purer source—“Da molto più limpida, e larga vena trasse egli l’invenzione;”—he considers the Iliad of Homer as the archetype of the Orlando Innamorato, observing, at the same time, that, in conformity to the taste of the age, the author substituted fairies and magicians, for the gods and demigods of the Grecian mythology;—but it was from Turpin he drew his subject; and the French and Spanish romances, which were the favourite study of the day, probably supplied some of the embellishments, as well as many of the characters. It is asserted by Castelvetro, that several of the inferior Paladins, or knights, were Bojardo’s own tenants or vassals, whom he transferred from Scandiano to Fairy-land, where they support their real characters, under feigned names, but bear no marks by which they can now be distinguished.



Besides the *Orlando Innamorato*, the comedy of *Timone*, and the translations to which we have alluded, Bojardo wrote several sonnets and canzones, and five capitolé, in terza rima. All these pieces have been imparted to the press; but his *Carmen Bucolicum*, consisting of ten Latin eclogues, still remain unedited in the *Biblioteca Estensi*. It is the opinion of *Dionigi Atanagi*, that Bojardo's genius was better calculated to excel in lyric than in epic poetry; and he adduces, in support of his assertion, some of the lighter effusions of his muse. One of these we shall transcribe, and leave the reader to decide.

## SONETTA.

Canta un' augello in voce sì soave  
Ove meandro il vado obliquo aggira,  
Che la sua morte prende con diletto.

Lasciar l'usate ripe non gli é grave:  
Ma con dolce harmonia l'anima spira;  
Ne voce cangia al fin, né muta aspetto,

L'onda del siume il nuovo canto ammira  
Ed ei fra l'herbe fresche a la riviera  
(Perche nel suo gioir doglia non spera)  
Segue cantando, ove natura il tira.

Così me tragge questa bella Sera,  
A' volontaria morte, e dolce tanto  
Che per lei moro: e pur morendo canto.

Sweet sings the bird, how musically sweet!  
 Where smooth Meander winds his liquid maze;  
 No cold presages damp her tuneful lays,  
 Tho' in yon wave condemn'd her death to meet.

She grieves not, tho' no more she must survey  
 Those flow'ry borders, where she sported long;  
 Softly she hails them with concluding song,  
 And breathes her soul in harmony away.

'The unaccustom'd strain the waves admire,  
 And she that seems conducted by the muse,  
 Sails down the stream, instinctive, to her doom;  
 So my Melissa's charms my song inspire,  
 And e'en in death, the tuneful vein renews,  
 Although her pride condemns me to the tomb.

The Orlando Innamorato seems to have attracted notice soon after its publication.—It is thus glanced at by Galeotto, Marquis of Caretto, a contemporary poet, in his Tempio de Amore; when l'Accoglienza & l'Amicitia enter the temple of Love together, the latter points out the portrait of Bojardo among the several paintings which adorn the walls—

l'altra é del conte,  
 Qual già canto d'Orlando, chimo in vano  
 De Angelica crudel la bella fronta.

Dryden observes, that Tasso borrows from the invention of Bojardo; his obligations to Bojardo are also

remarked by the late Mr. Warton; nor was he overlooked by our great poet Milton, as appears in *Par. Reg.* 6. v. 336. 344.

By his wife Taddea Bojardo had two sons and four daughters.—His eldest son Camillo succeeded to the title and fief of his father.

---

---

## EXTRACT

FROM THE

### LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF LEO X.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

(Vol. I. p. 82.)

“ IN enumerating the learned men, who, at that time, resided in the state of Ferrara, it would be unpardonable to omit another accomplished scholar and celebrated poet, who died in the year 1494—the eminent Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano; who was born in the territory of Ferrara about the year 1430, and spent in that city the chief part of his life, honored with the favour and friendship of Borso and Ercole d’Este, and frequently entrusted

by them, as governor of the subordinate cities in their dominions. Boiardo is principally known by his epic romance of Orlando Innamorato, of which the yet more celebrated poem of Ariosto is not only an imitation but a continuation. Of this work he did not live to complete the third book, nor is it probable that any part of it had the advantage of his last corrections; yet it is justly regarded as exhibiting, upon the whole, a warmth of imagination, and a vivacity of colouring, which render it highly interesting. Less known, but not less valuable, than his epic poem, are the three books of sonnets and lyric pieces, by Boiardo, collected and published after his death, under a Latin title, although wholly consisting of Italian poems. When we consider that the greater part of those pieces were written at a time when the Tuscan poetry was in the lowest state of debasement, we may be justly surprised at the choice of expression which they frequently display, and the purity of style by which they are invariably characterized. At the request of his great patron Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, Boiardo also composed his comedy of 'Timone,' founded upon one of Lucian's dialogues;—nor was Boiardo only one of the most eminent poets—he was one of the most learned men of his age. From the Greek he translated into his native tongue the history

of Herodotus, and the *Asinus* of Lucian.—Of his Latin poetry many specimens yet remain. Tiraboschi has mentioned ten eclogues in that language, inscribed to Ercole, which are preserved in the ducal library of Modena, and which he assures us are full of grace and elegance.”

---

---

#### NOTE.

It is not without reason, perhaps, that the simplicity of the original has occasioned it to be preferred to the *Orlando Innamorato*, as altered and reformed by Francisco Berni, who has carried the marvellous to such an extreme, as to deprive his narrative of all pretensions to even poetic probability ; and by his manifest attempts to be always jocular, has too often destroyed the effects of his jocularity. The labours of Boiardo terminated at the 9th canto of the third book ; from which period it was continued by Nicolo degli Agostino, and of this production numerous editions have been published.

For the further information of the Reader, the following  
**ACCOUNT** of the **ORLANDO INNAMORATO**  
 is selected from an eminent Italian Writer.

“ **DOVENDO** addunque trattare deg’l Italiani Poemi Scieglieremo, come de i Latini abbian fatto i più degni, ed utili più a regolare il gusto e piglieremo a considerare il Bojardo come fonte onde poi é uscito il Furioso. Credone molti, che ’l Bojardo avesse ordito il suo poema ad imitazion de i provenzali, perche l’ombre, e i nomi di quegli eroi per esso veggon trascorrere, ma da molto più limpida, e larga vene trasse egli l’invenzione, e l’expression sua, Cioé da i Greci, e Latini, nel cui studio era versato, senza che i torbide torrenti provenzali dovessero ricorrere. E si servi de i nomi e fatti de quei Paladini perche da i provenzali, ed altri antiche romanzi alle volgor conoscenza erano usciti. Onde per essere più grato, e maggiormente applaudito, volle serversi dell’idee di cui già trovata nel volgo l’impressione perloche siccome Omero, e gli altri poeti Greci ebbero per campo della loro invenzioni l’assedio Trojano, di cui la fama largemente per la Grecia trascorrea, così il Bojardo ebbe per seminario della sue favole il rinomato e per molti libri celebrato assedio di Parigi, seguendo il genio, che albergava ne i più antichi favoleggiatori

della Grecia, i quali attribuirons à loro eroi, e sugetti dote soprannaturale, con cui da essi Ercole, Teseo, Caponeo, Achille, Amfiarao, Orfeo, Polifemo, e simili son rappresentati. Alla qual' idee son creati gli Orlandi, i Ferrau, i Rodomonti, gli Atlanti, i Ruggieri, l'orco ed altri prodigiose personaggi, che esprimono ciascuno la sua parte del mirabile a similitudine de i Greci eroi, e sugetti, a ciascuno de i quali potremmo porre una de i novelli al' incontro, se la brevità di quest opera il tolerasse. E siccome i Greci Salvavano il verisimile colla divinitatà che in quegli eroi operava, così il Bojardo con le Fate, e co Maghi, in vece degli antiche Numi sostituiti, le sue invenzioni difende: e sotto le persone, da lui finte, J. Vizi Esprime, e le virtù secondo la buona—O cattiva figura, di cui son vestite: non altrimenti che delle loro deità, ed eroi si servivan gli antichi con qual' arte á egli, ad esempio de i primi favoleggiatori, prodette a pubblica scena in figure, ed opera di personaggi maravigliosi tutta la moral filosofia parimente siccome i Greci per significare la debolezza dell' animo umano, che alle discordie alle stragi, ed alle rovine da leggierissime, e vilissime passioni é per lo più trasportato, trasser da Elene gli eventi di tante battaglie, e si funesta guerra che la Grecia vincitrice, non men che l' Asia vinta copri di travagli e miserie; così il Bojardo per ripe-

tere a noi il medesimo ammaestramento della sole Angelica excita di lunghe contese, e d' infinite morti l' occasione. Quindi questo poema che di tante virtù riluce, sarebbe da molte nebbia libero, se fusse stato condotto a fine, ed avesse avuto il debito sesto nel corpo intero, e la meritata cultura in ciascuna sua parte: con le quale si fussero tolte l' espressione troppo alle volte vili, e si fusse in qualche luogo più col numero invigorato, affinché, siccome rappresenta assai felicemente il naturale,—avesse avuto anché gli ultimi pregi dell' arte, e fusse rimasto purgato di quei vizj, per li quali il Berni con la Piacevolezza del suo stile la à voluto cangiare in facezia.

*Della Ragion Poetica di Vincenzo Gravini,  
Libro Secondo, p. 180.*

---

*The following Remark is extracted from a lately published Work:*

“ ON peut distinguer tres-facilement dans la littérature Italienne ce qui appartient à l' influence des Grecs, ou a celle de la poésie et des traditions Arabes. L' affectation et la recherche dérivent de la subtilité des Grecs, de leur sophismes et de leur thêologie; les tableaux et l' invention poétique dérivent d' l' ima-



gination Orientale. Ces deux différens caractères s'apperçoivent à travers la couleur générale que la même langue, le même climat, les mêmes mœurs donnent aux ouvrages d'un même peuple. Le Boyard, qui est le premier auteur du genre que l'Arioste a rendu si célèbre, a beaucoup d'analogie, dans son poëma avec les contes Orientaux, c'est le même caractère d'invention et de merveilleux ; l'esprit de chevalerie et la liberté accordée aux femmes dans le nord font la seule différence du Boyard, et des mille et une nuits. Quoique les Arabes fussent un peuple extrêmement belliqueux, ils combattoient pour leur religion bien plus que pour l'amour et pour l'honneur ; tandis que les peuples du Nord, quelque fût leur respect pour le croyance qu'ils professoient, ont toujours en leur gloire personnelle pour premier but.— L'Arioste, de même que le Boyard, est imitateur des Orientaux. L'Arioste est le premier peintre, et par conséquent peut être le plus grand poëte moderne.

*De la Litterature considérée dans ses rapports,  
avec l'institutions sociales, par Mad. de Stael,  
Holstein.*

## EXTRACTS

FROM

*Bishop HURD's Letters on Chivalry and Romance.*

“ WE hear much of knights errant encountering giants, and quelling savages, in books of chivalry.— These giants were oppressive feudal lords, and every lord was to be met with in his strong hold, or castle. Their dependants, of a lower form, who imitated the violence of their superiors, and had not their castles, but their lurking places, were the savages of romance. The greater lord was called a giant, for his power—the lesser a savage, for his brutality. All this is shadowed out in the Gothic tales, and sometimes expressed in plain words. The objects of the knights' vengeance go, indeed, by the various names of Giants, Paynims, Saracens, and Savages.

“ Another terror of the Gothic ages was monsters, dragons, and serpents. These stories were received in those days, for several reasons—1st, from their belief of enchantments—2d, from their being reported on the faith of Eastern tradition—3d, in still later times, from the strange things told and believed on the discovery of the new world.

“ Now, in all these respects, Greek antiquity very much resembles the Gothic; for what are Homer’s Læstrigons and Cyclops, but bands of lawless savages, with each of them a giant of enormous size at their head?—What are the Grecian Bacchus, Hercules, and Theseus, but knights errant, the exact counterparts of Sir Launcelot and Amadis de Gaul?—And do you not remember that the Grecian worthies were in their day as famous for encountering dragons, and quelling monsters of all sorts, as for suppressing giants?

———“ per hos cecidere justà  
Morti centuari, cecidit tremedæ  
Flamma chimæaræ.”

“ The current popular tales of elves and fairies, were even fitter to take the credulous mind, and charm it into a willing admiration of the *specious miracles* which wayward fancy delights in, than those of the old traditional rabble of Pagan divinities;—and then for the more solemn fancies of witchcraft and incantation, the horrors of the Gothic were, above measure, striking and terrible. The mummeries of the Pagan priests were childish; but the Gothic enchanters shook and alarmed all nature. Shakspeare, with a terrible sublime, gives an idea of the *rough magic*, as he calls it, of fairy enchantment.—

—————“ I have bedimm'd  
 The noontide sun—call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
 Set roaring war.—To the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt. The strong bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine and cedar.—Graves at my command  
 Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers.”——

“ This may serve for a cast of Shakspeare's magic; and I can't but think, that when Milton wanted to paint the horrors of that night, (one of the noblest parts in his *Paradise Regained*) which the devil himself is feigned to conjure up in the wilderness, the Gothic language and ideas helped him to work up his tempest with such terror. You will judge, from these lines—

—————“ Nor stay'd the horror there ;  
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
 Environ'd.—Some howl'd—some yell'd—some shriek'd—  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts.”——

“ After all, the conclusion is not to be drawn so much from particular passages, as from the general impression left on our minds in reading the ancient and modern poets ; and this is so much in favour of the *latter*, that Mr. Addison scruples not to say, “ the ancients have not much of this poetry amongst them ;

for almost the whole substance of it owes its original to the darkness and superstition of later ages.—Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy, and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it—the church-yards were all haunted—every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it—and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with, that had not seen a spirit!

The fancies of our modern bards are not only more gallant, but, on a change of the scene, more sublime, more terrible, more alarming, than those of the classic fablers.—In a word, you will find that the manners they paint, and the superstitions they adopt, are the more poetical for being Gothic.—To the injustice of the Italian poets, the cry is, “ Magic and enchantments are senseless things, therefore the Italian poets are not worth the reading;” as if because the superstitions of Homer and Virgil are no longer believed, their poems, which abound in them, are good for nothing. I readily agree to the observation of Mr. Hobbes, that impenetrable armour, invulnerable bodies, enchanted castles, iron men, flying horses, and other such things, are easily feigned by them that

dare. but not so feigned as we find them in the Italian poets, unless the writer have another quality besides courage. The Pagan gods and Gothic fairies were equally out of credit when Milton wrote;— he did well, therefore, to supply their room with angels and devils. The pomp of verse, the energy of description, and even the finest moral paintings, would stand an epic poet in no stead, without *admiration*, which cannot be effected but by the marvellous of celestial intervention; I mean, the agency of superior natures, really existing, (or by the illusion of fancy taken to be so) no epic poem can be long lived.

“ Critics may talk what they will of truth and nature, and abuse the Italian poets, for transgressing both in their incredible fictions—but these fictions, with which they have studied to delude the world, are of that kind of creditable deceits, of which a wise ancient pronounces, with assurances, “ that they who deceive, are honester than they who do not deceive; and they who are deceived, wiser than they who are not deceived.”

“ The source of bad criticism is the abuse of terms. A poet, they say, must follow *nature*; and by nature, we are to suppose, can only be meant the known and experienced course of affairs in this world; whereas

the poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do than consistent imagination.—He has, besides, a supernatural world to range in—he has gods, and fairies, and witches at his command. Thus, in the poets' world all is marvellous and extraordinary, yet not unnatural, in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are readily entertained of these wonder-working and magical natures. In those species which have men and manners professedly for their theme, a strict conformity to human nature is reasonably demanded—still further, in those species that address themselves to the heart, and would obtain their end, not through the imagination, but through the passions; there the liberty of transgressing nature, I mean the real powers and properties of human nature, is infinitely restrained, and poetical truth is, under those circumstances, almost as severe a thing as historical. The reason is, we must first *believe*, before we can be *affected*. But the case is different with the more sublime and creative poetry;—this species addressing itself solely and principally to the imagination, a young and credulous faculty, which loves to admire and to be deceived, has no need to observe those cautious rules of credibility, so necessary to be followed by him who would touch the affections and interest the heart.

“ That which passes in representation, and challenges as it were the scrutiny of the eye, must be truth itself, or something very nearly approaching to it; but what passes in narration, even on the stage, is admitted without much difficulty.

“ In the epic narration, which may be called *absens fecundia*, the reason of the thing shews this indulgence to be still greater—it appeals neither to the eye nor the ear, but simply to the *imagination*; and so allows the poet a liberty of multiplying and enlarging his impostures at pleasure, in proportion to the easiness and comprehension of that faculty.

“ These general reflections hardly require an application to the present subject. The tales of Faery are exploded, as fantastic and incredible.—They would merit contempt, if presented on the stage.—I mean, if they were given as the proper subjects of dramatic imitation, and the interest of the poet’s plot were to be wrought out of the adventures of those marvellous persons. But the epic muse runs no risque in giving way to such fanciful exhibitions;—you may call them, as one does, extraordinary dreams, such as excellent poets and painters, by being overstudious, may have in the beginning of fevers. The epic poet would acknowledge the charge, and even value himself upon it;—he would say, “ I leave to the sage dramatist



the merit of being always awake, and always in his senses. The *divine* dream, and delirious fancy, are among the noblest of my prerogatives.”

---

---

## EXTRACT

FROM

### GODWIN'S LIFE OF CHAUCER.

“BOCCACIO and Chaucer, it might be supposed, would have succeeded in banishing the swelling and romantic style from the realms of poetry. We might have imagined, that as knowledge and civilization grew, the empire of nature would have continually become more firmly established. But this was not the case: these eminent writers rose too high beyond their contemporaries, and reached to refinements that their successors could not understand. Pulci and Boiardo took the romantic style under their protection, in the following century; and, by the splendour of their talents, and the treasures of their fancy, bestowed upon it extensive and lasting empire. In Italy Ariosto and Tasso adopted, and carried to perfection, the style of Pulci and Boiardo. Taste and literature had made no advances in England in the 15th century,

and in the 16th, and early part of the 17th, our countrymen resorted for models principally to Italy. The Earl of Surrey and his contemporaries were the introducers of the Italian school in this island.—Spenser, in his *Fairie Queen*, combined at once all the imperfections of the allegorical and the romantic. Even the transcendent genius of Milton formed itself upon these originals; and however we may adore the wonders of his invention, impartial criticism must acknowledge that he studied much in the school of the artificial, the colossal, and the wild, and little in that of nature.”

Life of Chaucer, p. 191, 192, 193.—B. 4.

---

---

## SPECIMENS

OF

### DIFFERENT MODES OF TRANSLATION.

AMONG the most voluminous translators of poetry, we find Madame Dacier, from which name every thing that great talents and great erudition could execute was to be expected. She fixed upon the grand work of the *first* of epic writers, and gave it to the French nation in its vernacular language;—it was Homer, but Homer shorn of his

beams, and bound down to prosaic tameness.—Behold how she renders the description of the thunderer distributing the various lots of human kind:—

“ Car aux deux côtés du formidable trône de Jupiter il y' a deux tonneaux inépuisables, remplis de présens que ce Dieu fait aux hommes, l'un est plein de maux & l'autre de biens, celui pour qui le maître du tonnerre puisse également dans ces tonneaux, mener une vie mêlée ou le bonheur & le malheur se suivent réciproquement & celui pour lequel il ne puise que dans le tonneau funeste, est accablé de toutes sortes de maux, l'affreuse malediction le poursuit toute la vie: il est l'objet de la haine des dieux & du mépris des Hommes.”

Here we have none of what Sir Philip Sidney styles “sweetly uttered knowledge.” Admit that the original is faithfully translated, yet her detail is cold and insipid, compared with Pope's version of the passage. With how much more force and conciseness has he rendered Homer's idea—

“ Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,  
The source of evil one, and one of good ;  
From these the cup of mortal man he fills—  
Blessings to those, to these distributes ills.  
To most he mingles both.—The wretch decreed  
To taste the bad unmix'd, is curst indeed.—  
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,  
He wanders outcast both of earth and heav'n.”

The thought here is not drawn out to uninteresting length, or weakened by low expression ;—the impression rushes on the understanding with undiminished energy ;—at one glance we behold the Ruler of the universe evincing his might in a manner the most awful ;—we see the anxious groups on either hand, awaiting their portion ;—we rejoice in that mitigation of human ills the mingled cup affords ; and affrighted fancy trembling pursues the interdicted fugitive, who is doomed to seek, in vain, for comfort on earth, or refuge in heaven.

Translations from the living languages, particularly from the Italian poets, were formerly much encouraged in England, and for a long series of time they were but little creditable to the national taste or judgment. Among the first adventurers in this line was Sir John Harrington, whose version of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto was printed in London anno 1591, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. At this period the English tongue had attained to copiousness, since no writer ever expressed a greater variety of thoughts, clothed in forcible and expressive language, than our inimitable dramatist Shakspeare, who was contemporary with the knight. This circumstance must render the want of delicacy and precision in the translation of the *Orlando Furioso* more conspicuous and inex-

cusable.—In many passages, had it been the translator's purpose to burlesque the author's meaning, he could not have more effectually succeeded. His account of the archangel Michael punishing Discord, and sending her from among the Christians to the Pagan camp, will demonstrate the justness of this assertion. The lines are in the 27th book of the work.

“ To seek dame Discord he doth leave the sky,  
 And to the abbey he returns again,  
 Where her amid the monks he might espy,  
 That change old officers, and new ordain.  
 She laughs to see their portises to fly,  
 Ready to knock out one another's brain;  
 The angel takes her by the painted locks,  
 And with great fury gives her many knocks.

“ He brake a crasse's handle on her crowne,  
 And grievously did beat her back and side;  
 The wretch upon her marrowbones falls down  
 At the angel's feet, and mercie, mercie cride.  
 “ Pack to the Pagans, then, that siege yon towne,  
 (Quoth he) and see that you among them bide;  
 For if this place again thou ever trouble,  
 Assure thyself thy payment shall be double.”

Mr. Hoole's translation of the same passage adheres as closely to the original, without giving us disgusting precision or homespun vulgarisms, to provoke laughter and excite contempt. His version runs thus—

“ To where before in hallow’d cloisters plac’d,  
 He Discord met, he ply’d his wings in haste;  
 Again he found her, where, midst monks she sate,  
 And at a chapter urg’d the dire debate.  
 Pleas’d with their strife, she view’d with joyful eye,  
 Cast at each other prayers and masses fly.  
 With holy wrath the heav’nly angel burn’d,  
 Her by the locks he seiz’d, and seizing, spurn’d;  
 Then in his hand he swift a crosier took,  
 And on her head, her arms, and shoulders broke.  
 Mercy, ah! mercy, (loud the fury yell’d,  
 Whilst close the heavenly munciate’s knees she held;)

But Michael set not yet the fiend at large,  
 Till to the Saracens, with weighty charge  
 He thus dismiss’d her—“ Hence, nor more forsake  
 Yon hostile camp, my heavier wrath to wake.”

Any passage in any author will admit of various modes of translation; and to chuse the worst to exhibit it in, is surely an insufferable species of literary tyranny. In illustration of this opinion, I here select a stanza of the *Gierusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, with translations by four different hands.—

“ Chiama gli abitator de l’ombre esterne  
 Il rauco suon de la Tartarea tromba,  
 Tremen le spaziose atre caverne,  
 E l’aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba.  
 Ne si stridendo mai de le superne  
 Regioni del cielo il Folgor piomba,

Ne si scossa giammai trema la terra,  
Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra."

Canto 4. Stanza 3.

FIRST TRANSLATION—by FAIRFAX.

" The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rumbled thro' the lands and kingdoms under ;  
Thro' wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,  
And fill'd the deep with terror, fear, and wonder.  
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast  
That fall from skies with rattling hail and thunder ;  
Not half so loud the *whistling* winds do *sing*,  
Broke from the earthen prisons of their king."

SECOND—by DOYNE.

" The infernal trumpet, with a dreadful blast,  
Summon'd the dwellers of eternal night ;  
The dark and wide caves of Avernus shook ;  
Thro' emptiness with hollow noise it roar'd.  
Not half so terribly the thunders roll  
Along the upper regions of the air ;  
Nor trembles half so terribly the earth,  
When tempests struggle in its pregnant womb."

THIRD—by HOOLE.

" The trumpet now, with hoarse resounding breath,  
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death ;  
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound ;  
The air re-echoes to the noise around.

Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,  
 When thro' the skies the rattling thunders roll;  
 Not greater tremors heave the lab'ring earth,  
 When vapours pent within contend for birth."

FOURTH.—ANONYMOUS.

"To call the tribes that roam the Stygian shores,  
 The hoarse Tartarean trump in thunder roars:  
 Hell, through her trembling caverns, starts aghast,  
 And night's black void re-bellows to the blast.  
 Far less the peal that rends th' etherial world,  
 When bolts of vengeance from on high are hurl'd,  
 Far less the shock that heaves earth's tott'ring frame,  
 When its torn entrails spout th' imprison'd flame."

A variety of instances might be produced, to show that translators are often guilty of crushing an author's meaning, by an awkward construction and injudicious mode of versification. Harrington is remarkably so. A passage in the *Orlando Furioso* is thus miserably mangled—

"As when the seas are wrought by *sturdy* wind,  
 The vent'rous vessel, tost with many a wave,  
 Is sometimes smote before, sometimes behind,  
 And each surge seeks a passage free to *have*;  
 The fearful pilot, with astonish'd mind,  
 Knows not which way he should himself *behave*;  
 Till at the last one surge the whole possesseth,  
 And so both pilot, ship, and all oppresseth."



Here is slovenly translation, vulgarism, tautology, and arrant nonsense—many of which faults a trivial alteration will expunge, without injuring the sense of the passage—

So in the vent'rous vessel, tempest tost,  
 Whose ev'ry part the furious waves assail,  
 Th' astonish'd pilot stands—in terror lost—  
 He feels his skill no longer will avail ;  
 Aghast, he views the scene with anxious eyes,  
 Nor can decide what course is safe to keep,  
 Till th' impetuous surges madd'ning rise,  
 And whelm both ship and pilot in the deep.

Paraphrastic translation, when judiciously conducted, admits of many advantages, and evinces, in several instances, that an author's turn of thought and true meaning may be rendered, without his translator's being compelled to scan lines too scrupulously. Yet this sort of merit is but seldom to be met with in works of length. Generally speaking, the class of literati denominated *free translators*, seem to be illumined by transient flashes only, which, like the coruscations of a meteor fraught sky, at one moment irradiate, and at the next leave them involved in gloom. None can be too cautious whilst pursuing a course in which few have succeeded ; and one circumstance should never be forgotten, which is, that a bad translation is not merely a fraud upon readers, but

also a severe injustice to the original writer ; whose pretensions to approbation or applause are frustrated, by his being thus forced to make an appearance in a degraded or unbecoming guise.









UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

MAY 3 1 1957

MAR 3 1 1958

SEP 26 1961

JUN 1 1962

LD-URC MAY 3 1965

MAY 3 1965

REC'D LD-URC

P.M.

NOV 0 8 1986

REC'D LIBRARY

REC'D LD-URC

REC'D LD-URC 7 1985

MAR 0 2 1988

JUL 3 1988

REC'D LIB CIRC

JUN 29 1988

4 WK MAR 17 1993

MAR 0 3 1993

FEB 9 7 1984

REC'D LD-URC

FEB 17 1984

REC'D LD-URC

LD  
URC

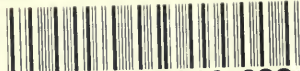
FEB 11 1985

FEB 15 1985

LD  
URC

NOV 19 1986





3 1158 00919 9331

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 069 905 8

